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Vol. CCI, No. 2618
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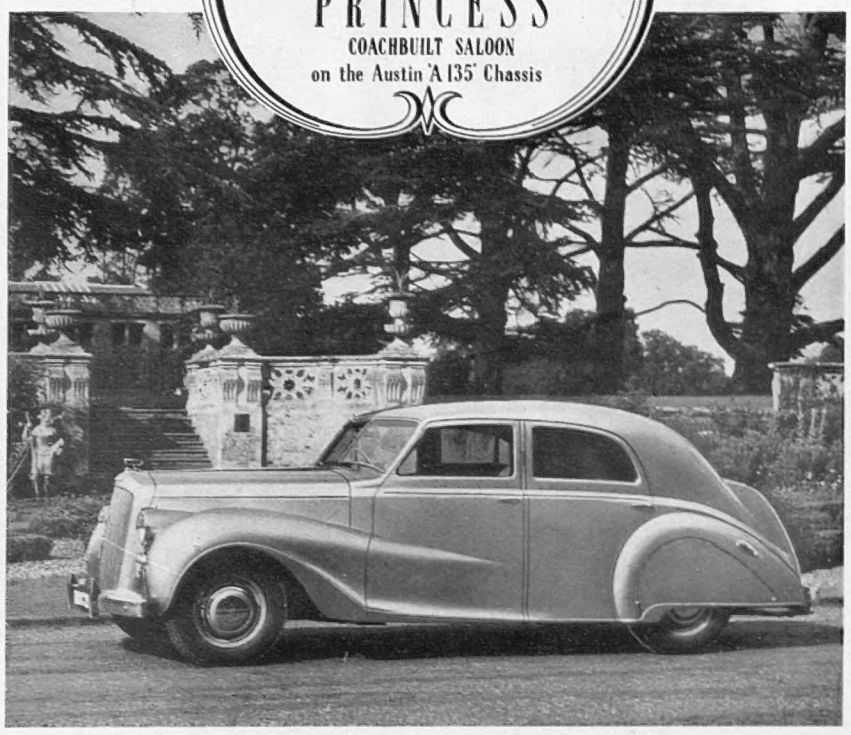

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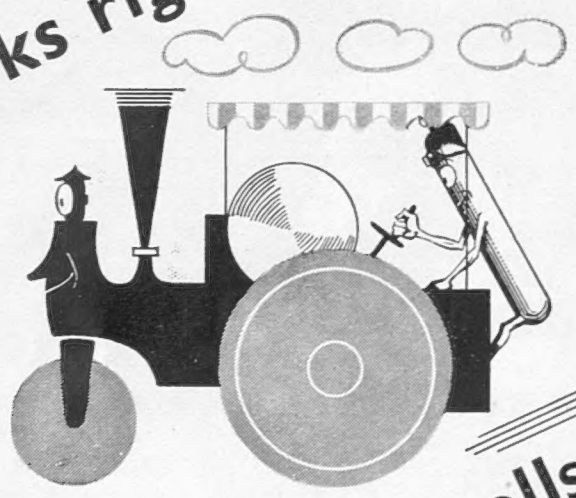

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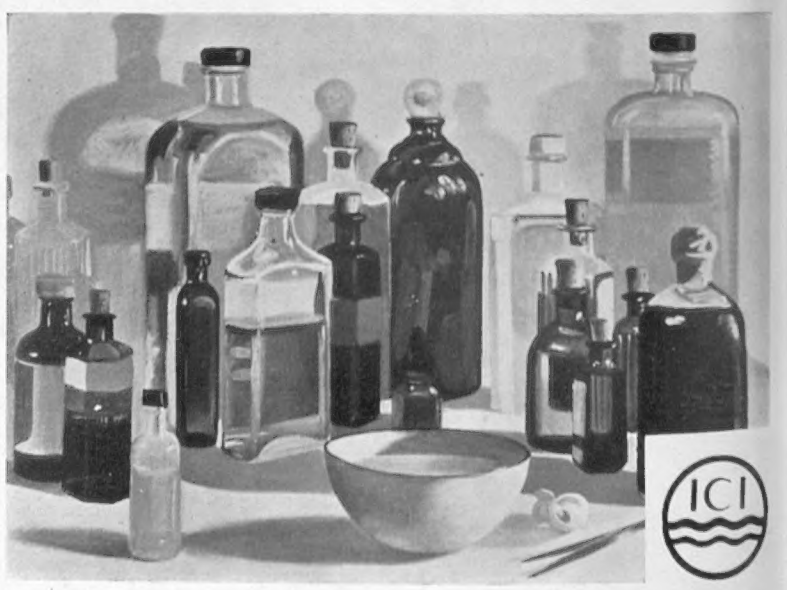

Volume CCI No. 2618 The SPHERE, London, April 8, 1950

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

PRINCESS ELIZABETH SETS OUT FOR MALTA—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ABOUT TO JOIN THE VIKING AIRCRAFT OF THE KING'S FLIGHT IN WHICH SHE FLEW FROM LONDON AIRPORT TO JOIN THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT HIS MEDITERRANEAN STATION : The Princess had a stormy passage across Central and Southern France, and the flight took over an hour longer than usual. An intermediate stop was made at Nice

Princess Elizabeth left last week on her second visit to Malta, flying in one of the King's Viking aircraft and making an intermediate halt at Nice, where lunch was taken after a stormy journey across France. Squadron-Leader Nash piloted the machine, and Air-Commodore E. H. Feilden, Captain of the King's Flight, was on board the Viking. On arrival at Malta the Princess was greeted by the Governor, Sir Gerald Creasy, and then drove to the Governor's residence, where she stayed as a guest until the return of the Duke of Edinburgh and Lord Mountbatten from the Spring Cruise of the Mediterranean Fleet. The rest of the Princess's stay on the island will be at the Villa Guardamangia, home of Lord and Lady Mountbatten. As the Princess's visit to the island is of a private nature no programme has been announced. On April 21 the Princess will celebrate her twenty-fourth birthday and she will return to England shortly afterwards.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Before the Recess. — The proceedings in Parliament were quite stimulating in the last days before the Recess. The Government suffered its first defeat over the coal and petrol debate—a handsome victory snatched by smart Opposition tactics which caught the Government asleep. Nobody expected that the defeat would be taken "seriously"—it was all settled good humouredly. And nobody expects that it reduce the slate and slack for which we pay through the nose or increase the petrol ration. On such defeats a Government could "thrive" for years. Mr. Shinwell disclosed a shocking state of affairs in desertions from the Forces. These run at 200 every month. If the band of marauding deserters counted in thousands after 1945 (and assumed responsible for much of the crime wave) was exaggerated and is now reduced, this continued leakage suggests that life in the Services is still pretty grim. Mr. Shinwell was right to promise a personal enquiry. The report on "contact" men, set up after the Lynskey tribunal, proved more encouraging, and was accepted. It seems that most of these people who for a consideration help the simple citizen how to translate into English the bureaucratese of controls and regimentation are reasonably honest. They are certainly very intelligent, and very few of them are known to the police. That is well, for few of us can do without a contact man or interpreter if *we* wish to remain unknown to the police. In "another place," Lord Vansittart made our blood run cold while for eighty minutes, with chapter and verse, he revealed the insidious penetration of Communism into our institutions, chiefly, according to his black list, *via* ministers of religion. Lord Vansittart (except in those vital particulars of eating, sleeping and rotundity) is certainly our Fat Boy. He makes our flesh creep, and sees Fascist or Communist powder-barrels in every cellar. He trusts nothing that is not French. And, indeed, there is much to distrust, and perhaps we ought to enjoy his vehemence less and regard it more. Parliamentary privilege is anything but licence. What infinite pains he must have taken to verify every charge he brought up to the certainty of legal proof.

Foreign Policy. — The pre-Easter debate on Foreign policy called out the best on both sides of the House. Mr. Younger made a fine debut as Minister of State. Mr. Churchill was exact, restrained and careful of his choice of words. Good sense was harvested from all quarters, and *The Times* honoured the debate with a leader of model clarity. What is left in the public mind is the length of the row to be hoed before Western Union is a defence line and not a scrap of paper. It was well put that the nations chiefly involved see the *purpose* with a single eye, but view its achievement from all angles. It is a case of pooling resources, sharing benefits, supporting other people's weaknesses. We in Britain have much to offer to the pool—no Communism to speak of, a still surviving sense of territorial inviolability by *land* forces at least, a rather more solid economy and a higher standard of living than, say, in France and Italy. We are therefore more inclined to count the difficulties, the Continental powers to insist on the objective, *coûte que coûte*. The difficulties are enormous and very few have yet been removed, very little *planning* has been done. The blue print is not ready. Is this Union to be an *entente*, an unwritten understanding such as was the Commonwealth before the Statute of Westminster? All are agreed to-day that there must yet be no rigid regulations and a precise constitution. And all are agreed that Germany must not be rearmed as yet on a national basis, while France remains so inadequately defended. But all are agreed that, without Germany's participation, Western Union for defence will be but a scrap of paper. We ask ourselves, then: Is defence of the West against aggression any nearer than it was two years ago? And most of us, clutching at a straw, are thankful to grasp Mr. Churchill's comforting premise that war is neither imminent nor inevitable. And that is not to say that Time is on our side. Straws of that kind won't make a single brick for a peace palace.

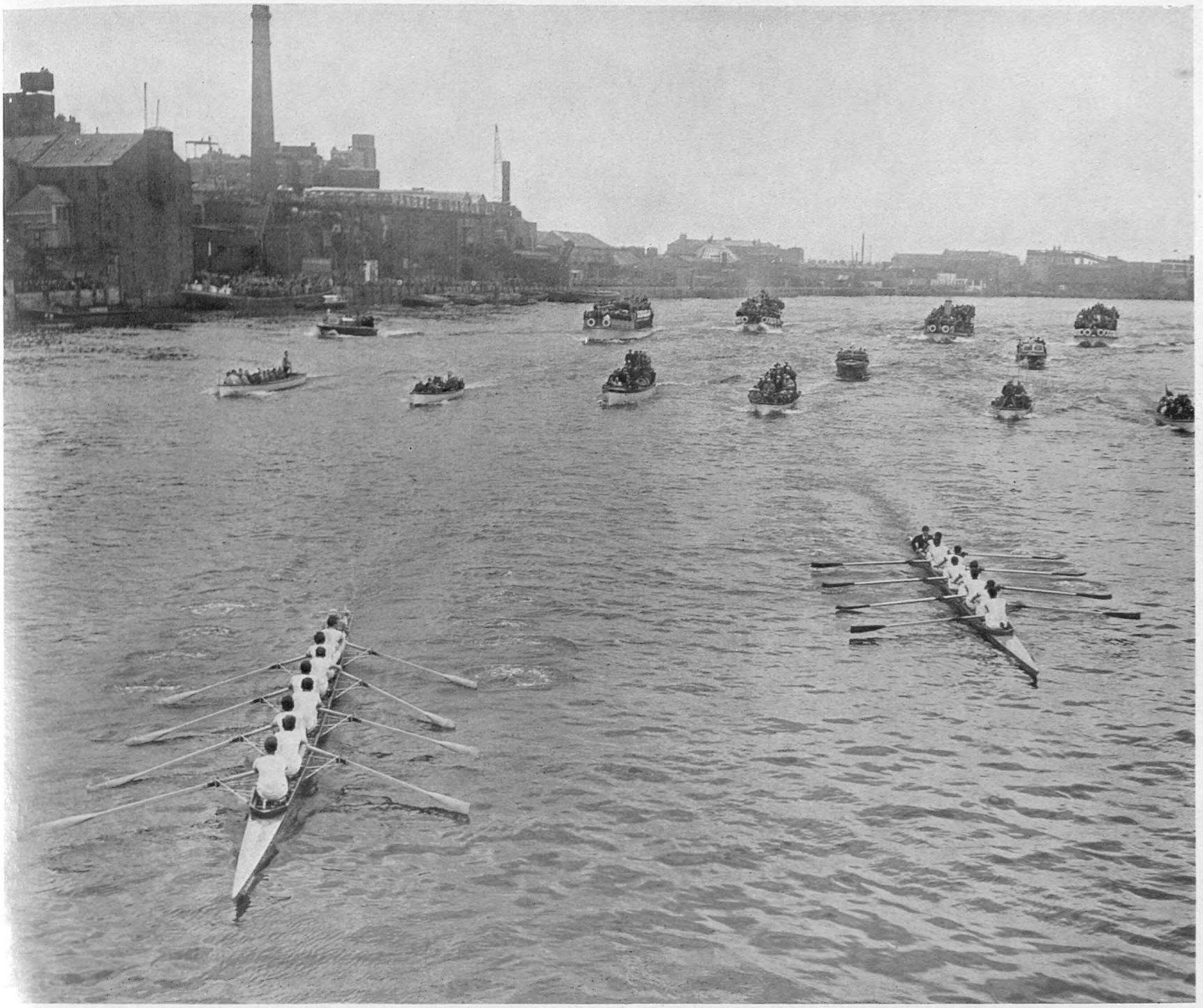
Economic Survey. — These economic surveys, which precede the Budget, are rather like crossword puzzles. The Government offers this single official hint to those who are "good at figures." Those who are not (of whom I am one) must rely on the wisecracks of stockbrokers and inspired columnists. The "clues" are difficult but fair. You have before you the problem which faces Sir Stafford in his private room. Interpret it as he is doing, and you solve the crossword. Of course, his premises may prove faulty. He still relies on the three essentials of the last two budgets; he makes confident prophecies (including the dissolving view of Marshall Aid) which may not work out in practice. But *his* problem, right or wrong, is yours who try to solve the crossword. I am not one who takes a pencil in hand and doubles the page into a neat square pad. I fall back on womanly intuition and neglect the "clues." I note that a vastly increased advance in savings is regarded as essential, and that some form of incentive to greater output is accepted as necessary. And, combining those two essentials, I promise to eat my hat if the 1950 Budget doesn't concede not to key "workers" only but to all who pay income tax, a tiny token reduction in direct taxation. It is a superb example of the recklessness of intuition. I understand that my solution is negatived by every clue and every set of figures.

Beachcombery. — The world has been at peace for five years. For five years profound peace, with some small "local disturbances," has lain over civilisation. And civilisation, taking advantage of the anti-cyclone, has been hard at work repairing the frightful damage of war. Buildings have gone up, bunkers have gone up, food has been sown and harvested, distributed and eaten, the care of the human body has received attention, output of commodities has been stepped up, goods exchanged, railways and bridges repaired and communications everywhere improved, pacts and agreements have been made and signed and broken and repaired, and wise men have talked and written, planned and performed, nonstop and wholeheartedly. Where has all this got us? Sometimes I pick up the *Daily Express* and read its pithy paragraphs of news and views, knowing them to be a model of what a modern popular "daily" must supply. And this depressing view of the world to-day, snarling, snapping, scrapping, cursing, sloshing, coshing, quarrelling and stunting, and so on, creates in my mind a deep suspicion that the world's restorers have missed the point, have devoted all their brains and money to irrelevancies, and not tumbled to the tremendous truth that there is a prerequisite to post-war rehabilitation in any form. Wars have unseated reason in the minds of men. We are all mad together, and the alienists are the only keymen who have not been called in. Why do I think so? More than once of late, reading these pithy pars which record world insanity, my eye lights on a paragraph headed "By the Way," by a reporter named *Beachcomber*. And as I read, I am arrested to attention. Here at last is something constructive. An old-world Civil Servant, Mr. Charles Suet, of the Ministry of Bubble-blowing, has made a really sensible suggestion for converting mad parrots into good manure and has put it up to the Ministry of Agriculture. Well, there 's sense in that. And a Doctor Strabismus of Utrecht (whom God preserve) still hopes after three failures to reach the moon in a rocket fuelled with hay, and to do the trip in under seven months. Here it seems at last is something to bite on, hope for humanity. . . . But there is too little of it. Only *Beachcomber* features sanity and constructive planning. All else is Bedlam. What we all need—from dictator to cosh-thug—is a long period of idleness and rest at the seaside. We must become beachcombers and leave the factories idle. After the cure, we can all start fresh to reconstruct civilisation, and then perhaps the factories will turn out parts for houses and pots and pans, in lieu of bombs. I am sure I have tumbled on a vital truth, thanks to the *D.E.*

"Quis Custodiet"? — Three National Parks will be established this year, and that is good news on paper. Our country is small and supports about 50 per cent. more people than it can feed or support in reasonable comfort. And the land for food-growing is constantly put to other uses. Hitherto the various departments concerned with the well-being of the countryside have not worked hand-in-hand. Pull devil, pull baker, has been the sorry story, and the preservation from further go-as-you-please spoliation of tracts of still beautiful country is a matter of urgency. But a ring round an area, drawn on a map, does not make preservation certain; nor does an Act of Parliament or a trust deed. A trust deed may lay down rules of conduct, an Act may list penalties for infringement of regulations. But even a square mile of territory is difficult to patrol and control in a country in which a large percentage of those who ramble are "loiterers with intent." How large is the percentage of Britons who "kill the thing they love" is hard to estimate. It is not small. Even if a majority commit their crimes through ignorance, the loiterers with intent are very many, and the sum of the damage done is fearful and sometimes irreparable. In these reserves, the public is made custodian of our surviving heritage. But who shall control the custodians? On the long view, the schoolteachers. But that is a very long view. For years to come the new National Parks will be at the mercy of their beneficiaries, and all the farms and forests, the birds and beasts, the heaths and fields, within them. Still, as in the '20's our countryside, despite all the new regulations and invigilations, is at the mercy of the speculator and the peculator. The manor-houses are bought up by town gamblers who make their "turn" by a wholesale slaughter of woods and leave the old house to go to ruin in a gaunt and hideous new-look setting. Litter and broken bottles and blackened stretches of commons and flowers pulled up by the roots mark the passage of the peculators. And what is left of the sea-coast reveals modern man at his worst. Where the beaches are not shack towns to the water's edge, they are obscene scrap-heaps of broken bottles, cartons, newspapers, all thickly coated with tar and oil deposit. Beachcombers again? "We must fight them on the beaches, fight them in the lanes and fields and streets." But who can insure a victory before it is too late?

THE OLD STAGER

WOMEN M.P.s MEET—A GATHERING ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: There are twenty-one women Members in the new House, three fewer than at the Dissolution, and fourteen of them were in the last Parliament. The number of women candidates nominated was 126, the highest known. In the 1945 election only 87 were nominated. Front row, left to right: Miss Barbara Castle (Blackburn East, Labour); Lady Megan Lloyd George (Anglesey, Liberal); Mrs. A. Cullen (Glasgow, Gorbals, Labour); Mrs. E. White (East Flint, Labour) and Miss Alice Bacon (N.E. Leeds, Labour). Behind Mrs. Cullen is Mrs. Middleton (Plymouth, Sutton, Labour). Back row: Lady Tweedsmuir (Aberdeen South, Conservative); Mrs. E. Hill (Wythenshawe, Conservative); Miss Irene Ward (Tynemouth, Conservative); Dr. Edith Summerskill (Fulham West, Labour); Miss Florence Horsbrugh (Moss Side, Conservative); Lady Davidson (Hemel Hempstead, Conservative); Miss P. Hornsby-Smith (Chislehurst, Conservative); Miss Elaine Burton (Coventry South, Labour); Mrs. Ganley (Battersea South, Labour) and Mrs. D. Rees (Barry, Labour)

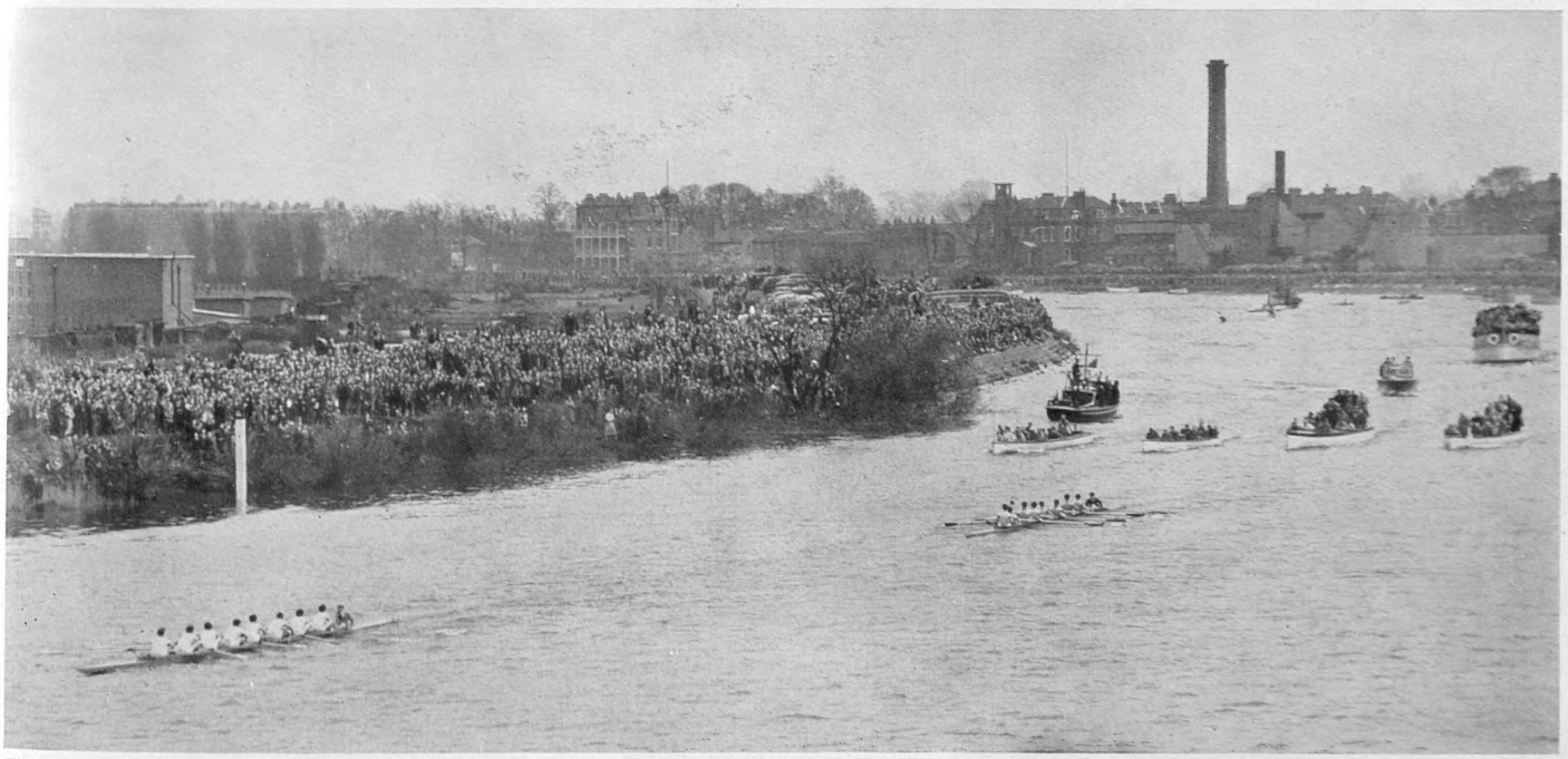


BRIDGE LEAD BY HALF A LENGTH AT HAMMERSMITH: At this stage it looked as if Cambridge might go clear away, but Oxford spurted and reduced the gap to a quarter of a length. At Chiswick Steps Cambridge were again half a length up, and from then on the issue was no longer in doubt

THE 1950 BOAT RACE

CAMBRIDGE SCORE THEIR FOURTH SUCCESSIVE WIN

erhaps the one chance that Oxford had of winning the 1950 Boat Race was in shaking Cambridge out of their de with a really fast start. As it turned out, Oxford, ving won the toss and chosen the Surrey side, started at ly a slightly higher rate of striking. Oxford were a quarter of a length up at Fulham Football Ground, but by the mile post they were a quarter of a length down. A strong cross head-wind slowed down both of the crews, and this in large measure helped Cambridge to find their easy, relentless stride which gave them victory.



THE FINISH OF THE BOAT RACE AT MORTLAKE—CAMBRIDGE ARE CLEAR WINNERS BY A MARGIN OF THREE-AND-A-HALF LENGTHS, THUS SCORING THEIR FOURTH SUCCESSIVE VICTORY SINCE THE WAR: Oxford, although clearly well beaten after Chiswick Steps, kept going admirably, but by that time the spurts with which the Dark Blues had held on were growing shorter in duration, and Cambridge never faltered in their steady stride. At one stage of the race the boats nearly converged

THE MONSTER HELICOPTER

THE HOWARD HUGHES HELICOPTER IS WHEELED OUT INTO THE OPEN AT CULVER CITY, COLORADO: This massive twin-jet helicopter, designated the XB 17, is now undergoing static testing. It is designed to lift heavy military loads, such as tanks or field guns, and has rotor blades almost the width of an aircraft's wing. From the tip of one rotor blade to the tip of the other is a distance of 100 ft. The jet engines are mounted on each side of the rectangular tubular structure. This picture was taken from a nearby hillside with the aid of a telephoto lens

"COMETS" IN THE MAKING

THE WORLD'S FIRST FOUR-JET AIR-LINER UNDER LARGE-SCALE PRODUCTION AT THE DE HAVILLAND WORKS AT HATFIELD: The fuselages of three Comets under construction are seen in this picture, taken shortly before Easter. The second Comet is expected to fly in the late summer of this year, and after that there will be a succession of deliveries. The first two Comets off the assembly line have been ordered by the Ministry of Supply, and fourteen are on order for the British Overseas Airways Corporation. Canadian Pacific Airways have placed an initial order for two Comets. Recent performance figures have shown that the Comet, when cruising at 400 m.p.h. at 40,000 ft., may be expected to cost about 20 per cent. less to operate per ton mile than modern air-liners of comparable size in service to-day. At the same time it should be able to accomplish half as much work again as any other air-liner. Since its initial flight last July the prototype has given no trouble and has put up some fine performances, notably in flying to Tripolitania and back, to Rome and back, and to Copenhagen and back. Total flying time for the return trip to Rome was just over four hours

BRITAIN'S 28,000-TON TANKER

PREPARING TO LAUNCH THE GIANT "VELUTINA"

MAKING PREPARATIONS TO FIT THE 25-TON SCREW TO THE 28,000-TON TANKER "VELUTINA," WHICH WAS DUE TO BE LAUNCHED THIS WEEK BY PRINCESS MARGARET: The tanker, the biggest vessel of its kind ever built in this country, is under construction at Wallsend-on-Tyne by Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson Ltd., and in the same part of the yard in which the first *Mauretania* was built. The ship is 600 ft. long and is equipped with thirty-three main oil tanks each designed to carry 1,600 tons of oil. The *Velutina* will cost £1,000,000 and she will go into the service of the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, carrying crude oil from the Middle East to the new refineries now building at Shell Haven, in the Thames Estuary, and at Stanlow, near Chester

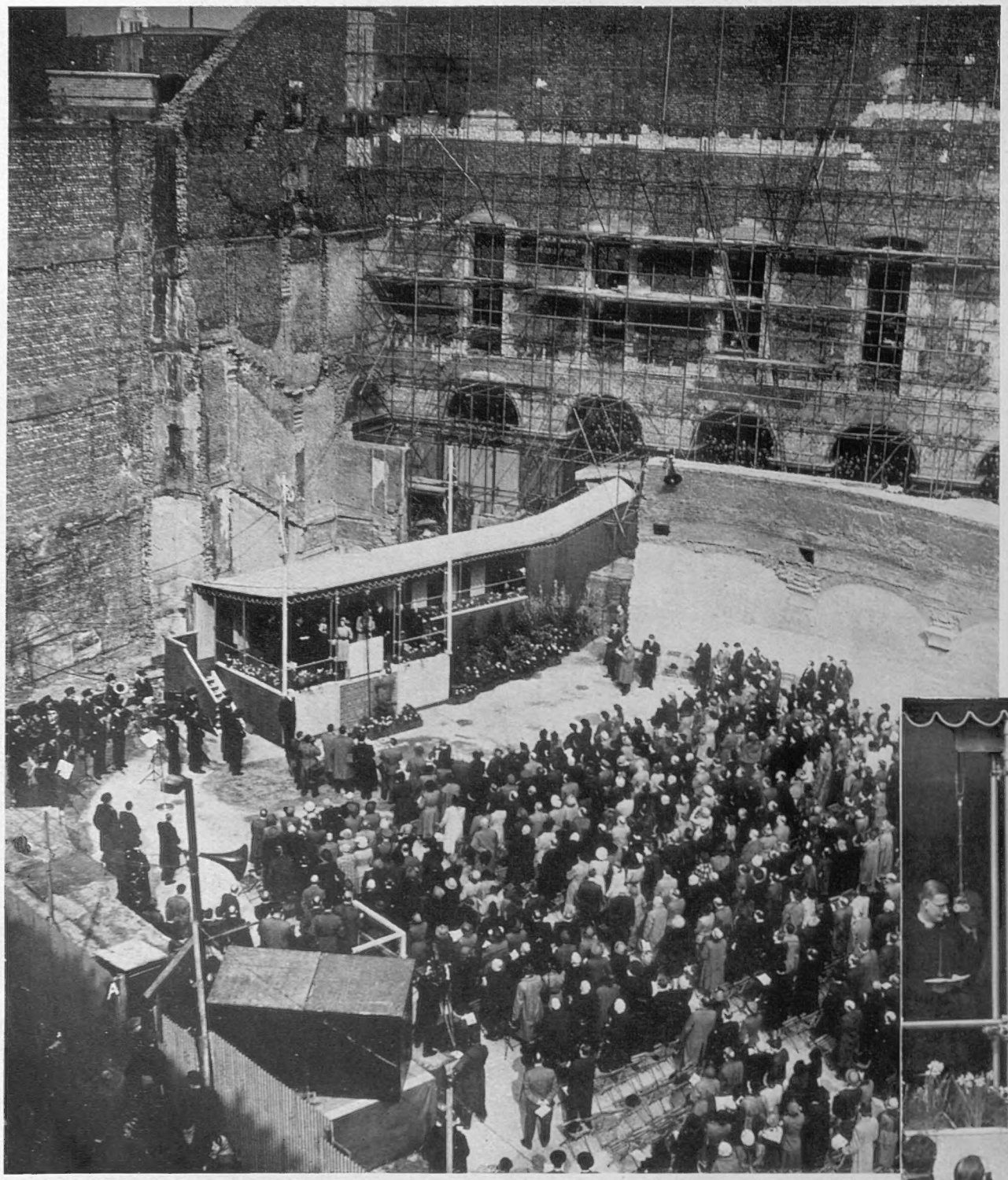
On left — THE "VELUTINA" BEFORE SHE LEFT THE STOCKS: The 28,000-ton tanker about to be fitted with her 25-ton propeller at the Wallsend yards of Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson. She is the first of four sister craft

PRINCESS MARGARET IN LANCASHIRE

A Two-day Tour of the Industrial Towns of the North

Princess Margaret, who stayed on in Lancashire witnessing the race for the Grand National in pany with the King and Queen and Princess Eliz made a two-day tour of the industrial areas, v Manchester and Salford on the first day, and go St. Helens, Warrington, Leigh and Wigan on the s day. After laying a stone to commemorate the of work on the new Free Trade Hall, the Princess from the busy heart of Manchester to the working area of Gorton. Almost all the way the route was lined with people, and brilliant sunshine and a display of bunting made the usually drab scene for highly colourful. At Gorton the Princess opened George's Field, a former balloon site which has now equipped by the National Playing Fields Assoc

On the second day more great crowds gathered the royal route, and everywhere there seemed cheering groups of children, notably along the between Leigh and Wigan, where the tour ended. Princess took lunch with the Mayor of Warrington the second day, and before doing so opened the Rodney Street premises of the Warrington Boys'



PRINCESS MARGARET LAYS A STONE COMMEMORATING THE START OF WORK ON MANCHESTER'S NEW FREE TRADE HALL WHICH WILL TAKE THE PLACE OF THE HALL DESTROYED BY BOMBING IN 1940 : The ceremony, one of the first in the Princess's two-day tour of Lancashire, took place within the shell of the blitzed building and on part of the site of the Battle of Peterloo. It is hoped that the new hall will be ready by 1951. It will cost £377,000 and will contain a large hall with a capacity of 2,600 people

PRINCESS MARGARET AND MANCHESTER'S NEW FREE TRADE HA Laying the commemorative stone within the ruins of old blitzed building. The Princess recalled the old h link with the men a century ago "who preached gospel of free trade and a more liberal humani

INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR AT MANCHESTER TOWN HALL : Princess Margaret passing down the ranks of the 8th (Ardwick) Battalion of the Manchester Regiment. A cheering crowd of 3,000 people greeted the Princess and she was almost mobbed when she reached the Free Trade Hall to lay the stone

THE PRINCESS VISITS A SALFORD FACTORY : Her Royal Highn with Mr. H. Cobden Turner, the managing director, dur her visit to Salford Electrical Instruments Ltd. She v privately shown new instruments connected with t Ministry of Supply's atomic development program

WATCHING AN OPERATOR AT WORK ON AN AUTOMATIC PRESS : Princess Margaret seen during her tour of Salford Electrical Instruments Ltd. Standing just behind the Princess is the Mayor of Salford

MR. JOSEPH BARTON DEMONSTRATES HIS SKILL : The oldest cutter on the staff of Messrs. Pilkington Brothers of St. Helens watched by the Princess on the second day of her tour. She saw each process in the making of sheet glass from the tank with its 1,000 tons of molt to the cutting-room where Mr. Barton wielded the diamond

On right—THE PRINCESS OPENING NEW PREMISES FOR THE WARRINGTON BOYS' CLUB : The club, which a short while ago had to vacate its old premises, commissioned this £5,000 brick building which is now opened free of debt. At the inaugural ceremony the Princess spoke of the need for goodwill on the part of the parents in making all such clubs a success

ENTHUSIASTIC GREETINGS IN THE NEIGHBOUR TOWNS OF WARRINGTON AND WIGAN : *Left*—The crowd which gathered outside the new brick-built Boys' Club at Warrington as Princess Margaret conducted the inaugural ceremony. *Right*—The Princess walking forward to meet the Mayor of Wigan on alighting at Wigan Town Hall. The Princess, who took tea with the Mayor before leaving by train for London, had just driven past 13,000 schoolchildren who lined the route from Leigh to Wigan

THE DRIVE FOR "NEW AUSTRALIANS"

And How it is Being Achieved

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE more strident advocates of an exclusive Commonwealth connection which would imply, among other things, "letting the European madhouse stew in its own juice," overlook the great store still set upon the latter by nations of the Commonwealth.

It is by now widely agreed that, without Britain right in it, Western Europe is likely to evolve as a freak to be eventually either German-dominated or recast in the mould of Moscow Communism (something leading to Orwellian 1984). How far would the overseas nations of the Commonwealth really mind one or the other happening? They would hate it, most of them; hate it for a variety of reasons, now emotional, now practical.

And bang up by the top, because another and probably final knuckling-down of Europe to total statism under the dictator would spell the end of their immigration policies based on an intake of men and women still enjoying freedom as a habit of mind.

Mr. R. G. Casey's drive for a million "New Australians" to come from the European mainland during the run of the £1,000,000,000 five-year development plan which the Menzies Government has announced, is sufficient testimony to Commonwealth interest in the survival of Western Europe under its existing civilised dispensation.

This target figure is in addition to what the apparent Attlee-Churchill bipartisanship as regards emigration from the United Kingdom may produce in the way of British settlers within a like period; or so I gather to be the case. Britons are not being classed with the "New Australians," who are, broadly speaking, those having to learn English and assimilate English-origined customs, ways and standards.

Such ones are no longer referred to as "migrants" but always as "New Australians," and they are being taught the Australian outlook which, in the opinion of some, has heretofore been too much kept in the dark in this rather blatant land of dazzling sunlight. Deplores broadcaster Denys Jackson, an Englishman of many years in Australia:

"The typical Australian outlook tends to be a heritage of British colonial prejudices, both good and bad, and to a lesser extent of American ideas, together with a bunch of unpleasant negative reactions." He wants to awaken "a deep, understanding love" of Australia. Is the country where they dwell, "the home of their hearts," he asks. Another tack goes: "We are breeding a race of too-easily contented city dwellers when what we need are pioneers in the outback."

On and off since 1945 we've heard of Australia's crying need of immigration on the largest scale. We've also heard that the proper rhythm has never yet set in.

Henceforward things may be different. While paying tribute to Mr. Calwell's effort, the Menzies Government is introducing new elements into immigration policy. It is going out after American money for development in a manner Mr. Chifley's Labour Administration couldn't do. It means to draw more heavily on the European mainland if London remains unwilling to encourage emigration. And it has woven immigration into the five-year plan, of which Mr. R. G. Casey is the moving spirit.

This is the same man who, a couple or so years ago, opined that "the eyes of Britain's people are turned inward on themselves. Unless Britain decentralises her population throughout the Commonwealth, her people have little hope of rising above their drab austerity."

Mr. Casey has several qualifications: his enthusiasm, engineering knowledge, popularity with Americans, acquaintance with European affairs, and the ear of Mr. Churchill, to whom he will doubtless repeat the argument never better put than in the homely language of a young man who left England in 1947: "We do not think of ourselves as quitters deserting England, but rather as loyal children who are going to work with their brothers and sisters overseas to feed and nourish a sick parent."

Of course we know the Australians have a good conceit of themselves and see big—too big for their shoes, in many estimates. They can also attain a high mark of cussedness, while they are intolerant of, and frequently unfair to, new arrivals. They overdraw the prospects and attractions of their country and fail to place its drawbacks in just perspective—such as chronic strikes and an equally chronic shortage of dwelling-places (now to be relieved in some measure by prefabs carried, as it were, with the immigrants).

But nobody will deny that Australians are dead right to populate their country against time and by whatever means to hand. In fact, by so doing they will be rendering a service of the first importance to Europe which cannot hope to continue even as at present unless something is done about the millions of uprooted ones who have never had the luck—as Britons have had—to be invited to such lands of dreaming as Canada, Australia, New Zealand . . .

Leading Germans are among the latest to emphasize that the only way to tackle the millions of East Germans crushed into West Germany is by means of a systematised emigration policy over long years. Germans are dangerous people to have spread about the world; though not always; they have good records in the U.S. and Australia—and to her credit Australia is now encouraging them again. Bygone Germans were among the best raisers of wheat, just as Dutch shone at cattle-raising, and to-day each is specially welcome.

Assuredly Australians who throw open their country to European peasants, artisans, industrial workers and professional people who have been expelled from their homes and ask only to rebuild their fortunes in peace elsewhere, are doing more to correct these distraught times than political parties which swear by stay-at-home breeding and full employment while the wheels of German and Japanese machines whirr up. How unfortunate to have to bow to men who never admit they're wrong. As for the full employment myth, visitors need look no farther than the drawn-up ranks of rarely used State porters at London terminals. It's right down sad-making.

Anyway, a ship shortly sails from Tilbury with the right idea. She was the *Monarch of Bermuda*, is now the *New Australia*, and I was talking about all this with her master in our village the other night after dinner. She will carry 1,600 immigrants, and when Britons of the right sort are lacking, will take aboard mainland Europeans; and more of her kind are on the way. It is even possible that immigrant vessels will sail from the United States for Australia.

These two countries are coming together in a big way. The Victoria Returned Servicemen's League goes so far as to say that the top of Cape York Peninsula, in North Queensland, should be given to the Americans. More down to earth, the Menzies Government is "investigating the possibility of obtaining from the United States as immigrants some of the 500,000 rural workers between the ages of 17 and 23 reported to be unemployed as a result of U.S. over-production of food."

Neither, presumably, would these Americans be classed as "New Australians." This title is reserved for those from the European mainland, for whom special reception centres are being run up, where all arrivals are sieved so as to guard as far as possible against infiltration by men purposing to establish national fronts or to further specific political ideologies.

Australians are experiencing a bellyful of Communism as it is—and they no longer bleat about "witch hunting" when it comes to spotting advance members of the Stalinist army which simply refuses to leave the rest of the world to ensue its own peaceful living as best it may in terribly difficult times.

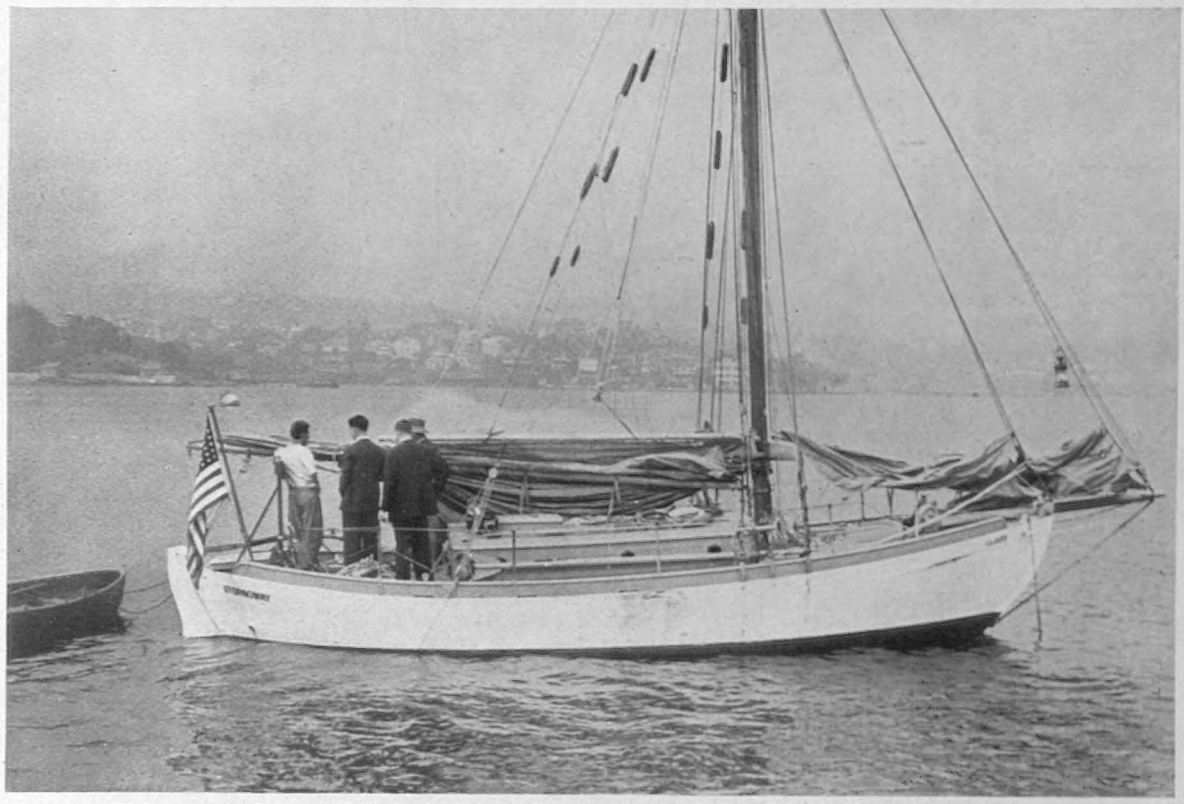
There is something well in the pioneer spirit about a reception centre such as Bathurst's, where 4,000 European mainlanders are constantly under assimilation treatment in eleven sections dispersed in smart Army hutments. Here men, women and children stay for a month or two pending placement and accommodation. The idea is that they are all in Australia for keeps—unlike other immigrants, who can return whence they came, and often do.

The newcomers build and embellish their own camp, and also staff it to the number of 350. These may stay on indefinitely, if they like—tailors, bakers, and the rest. As for the "New Australians" passing through, they are in groups of 500 under their own elected leaders. When they first arrive, they goggle at the new wardrobes handed them — new suits, coats, dresses, hats, stockings, ties. For the majority 'tis the first time they've seen such things in ten years.

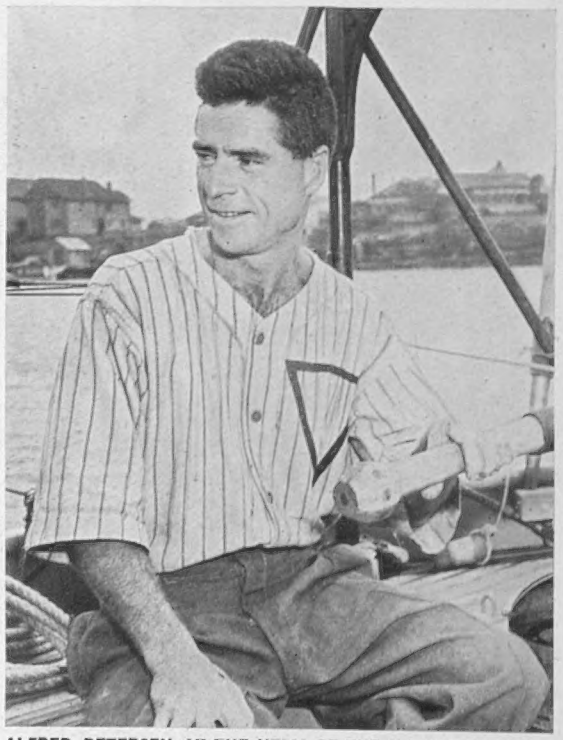
They goggle even more at the food, and to begin with sneak a portion of it away after every meal . . . until they find that it really is in unlimited quantities. So much so, that at first there's the usual sickness, especially among children. These have a kindergarten where, on the walls, they make the acquaintance of kangaroos, wallabies, kookaburras and koalas; and school hours are such as to permit their parents going to school too.

The grown-ups learn English, Australian money, measurements, democratic forces and customs in what is referred to as "a tight series," and tight it must be, to get it all through in a matter of weeks. They have social centres and a weekly relief wage while in camp waiting to be channelled into short-staffed industries like steel and building construction. And here enters the one firm condition: they must agree to work for two years under supervision, not leaving the jobs allotted them before that period is up.

Their stay at the reception centres gives the "New Australians" external decency and, in many cases, a sense of responsibility again. Yet the very utmost that can be hoped for is a round million through the centres by 1953—and by then Europe's population will have gone up many times that! Yes, the Bathurst prototype is a fleabite in our sea of troubles, yet what a sound, a heartening pointer!



THE "STORNOWAY," A 33-FT. CUTTER WHICH A YOUNG AMERICAN HAS SAILED SINGLE-HANDED ACROSS THE PACIFIC: The cutter seen in Sydney Harbour after the voyage which ended at Sydney in March 1950, eleven months after the owner, Alfred Petersen, set out from Miami, Florida. During the voyage Petersen visited the Galapagos and Marquesas Islands, the Tuamotu Group, Fiji, Raratonga and New Zealand. He plans to return home by way of New Guinea, Indonesia, the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic



ALFRED PETERSEN AT THE HELM OF THE "STORNOWAY": The Brooklyn adventurer seen on arrival at Sydney, Australia, after his Pacific voyage. His yacht cost him 6,700 dollars. Before leaving home Petersen worked in New York as a fitter and turner

THE KING OF SIAM RETURNS TO HIS CAPITAL

KING PHUMIBOL GREETED AT BANGKOK WHERE HE WILL BE MARRIED THIS MONTH, AND CROWNED IN MAY

KING PHUMIBOL ADULET COMES ASHORE AT BANGKOK ON HIS RETURN TO SIAM: The King (second from right, wearing dark glasses) seen at the Royal dock on arrival in his capital prior to his marriage which will take place on April 24, and his coronation, which will be on May 5. The King has been in Switzerland for the past three years, completing his studies

Since the close of the Second World War events have moved fast and dramatically in Siam. On June 9, 1946, the young King Ananda Mahidol was assassinated in his palace at Bangkok. On November 9, 1947 the Council of Regency was overthrown, and Pridi Bonomyong, the leader of the Free Siamese Movement and post-war dictator, was thrown out by his rival, Marshal Pibul, collaborator with the Japanese and master of Siam from 1938 to 1944. Pibul, with the aid of the military, achieved a bloodless revolution. More than that, he told his rivals "to go home and live happily ever after." Now the Marshal has brought back to Siam her new King, Phumibol Adulet, who brings with him from Switzerland his bride-to-be, Princess Sirikit, daughter of the Siamese Ambassador in London.

THE TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD KING RIDES THROUGH HIS CAPITAL: King Phumibol Adulet on his way to the Royal palace following his arrival in Bangkok. The King is a younger brother of the late King, who was assassinated in 1946

THE ROYAL CAR DRIVES THROUGH THE STREETS OF BANGKOK: King Phumibol Adulet welcomed by the populace in his capital city. He drove in a canary-coloured Daimler

THE PRIME MINISTER OF SIAM ARRIVES TO GREET THE YOUNG KING: Marshal Pibul, accompanied by his wife, as they reached the Royal landing-stage at Bangkok, where they welcomed King Phumibol on his return to Siam. The Marshal came to power in the coup d'état of 1947

THE YOUNG KING LEAVING THE THRONE ROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE: The King being escorted to his car after his visit to this part of the Palace at Bangkok where only a privileged few may tread. It is there that the King will be crowned on Friday, May 5, amid scenes of great Oriental splendour

BRITAIN'S SOUTHERN GATEWAY—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS, SHOWING THE GIANT TERMINAL BUILDING WHICH IS NOW NEARING COMPLETION F THE USE OF PASSENGERS EMBARKING ON AND DISEMBARKING FROM THE "QUEEN" LINERS: It is hoped the terminal will be ready by this coming summer to deal w the thousands of passengers who will be visiting Britain. From the pent-house roof of the building visitors will be able to watch the arrival and departure of the great liners, wh the luxury halls and lounges will serve as a meeting-place for friends. The building is in some respects reminiscent of the terminal built at Cherbourg between the wars. In the ba opposite the terminal towers the giant bulk of the *Queen Mary*, which will once again be running an express shuttle service across the North Atlantic in company with her sister-ship, t *Queen Elizabeth*. In the Empress Dock, which is seen on the right of this picture, is the 18,600-ton liner *New Australia*, the former *Monarch of Bermuda*, which has been rebuilt for the Australian emigrant service and will make her maiden voyage this spring. The *New Australia* has one funnel, but exhaust gases from the engine-room will also be carried away through the unusual bipod mast installed just behind the bridge

THE UNION CASTLE LINER "BLOEMFONTEIN CASTLE," WHICH WAS DUE TO SAIL FOR SOUTH AFRICA THIS WEEK ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: This twin-screw motor-ship of 18,400 tons has been built by Harland and Wolff at Belfast for the Intermediate Service to South and East Africa. She is the first of the fleet to carry passengers in one class only. After calling at Las Palmas, Ascension and St. Helena on her maiden voyage, the new ship will visit Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban, from which port she will sail homeward via Suez, calling at Lourenço Marques, Beira, Zanzibar, Tanga, Mombasa, Aden, Port Sudan, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles and Gibraltar. The return route on this maiden voyage will not be followed in subsequent trips. It is probable that the *Bloemfontein Castle's* normal service will be between the United Kingdom and South African ports up to Beira, sailing by the Atlantic route each way

GATEWAYS OF BRITAIN

AND SOME OF THE GREAT SHIPS WHICH USE THEM

On right—**THE S.S. "CARONIA" ON HE MEMORABLE DOLLAR-EARNING VOYA OF SEVENTY-TWO DAYS WHICH ENDE ON SUNDAY, MARCH 26:** The Cunar White Star cruising and Atlantic pa senger liner seen steaming into Tab Bay. Looming in the background a the heights of Table Mountain, h once seen without the familiar tabl cloth of cloud. In the middle distanc are the docks and the city of Cap Town, the former occupying muc land which has been reclaimed fro the sea in recent years. The Caroni in the course of her seventy-two-day voyage visited no fewer than nin countries and twenty-seven ports Her passengers—for the most par Canadians and Americans—paid ove £1,000,000 in fares. Most of thos who made the long voyage were elderly business men and their wive

THE GATEWAY OF THE THAMES—A BUSY SCENE IN THE ROYAL ALBERT DOCK, LONDON, WITH MERCHANT SHIPS AND BARGES CROWDING THE SCENE AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE: In the foreground is the sailing-barge *Wales*, a vessel typical of many which still ply with profit on the lower reaches of the London river, although far outnumbered by the great "trains" of barges which are pulled upstream by powerful tugs

Foreign News in Pictures

ITALY AND HER NAVAL "RECORD"

Atlantic Defence Chiefs Meet; Tension at the Arab League Council; A Great Hong Kong Parade: Belgium's Railway Project

A HIGH HONOUR FOR THE ITALIAN NAVY FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC: Members of the Colour Party advancing across the parade ground at the Port of Naples before the President pinned to the Italian naval flag Italy's highest decoration, the Gold Medal. The decoration was to mark the valour shown by the Italian Navy in the Second World War against a preponderant adversary, the British Fleet. On the day following the award the British Ambassador to Italy, Sir Victor Mallet, expressed "a certain amount of surprise at the award." Large crowds watched the ceremony, and surviving units of the Italian Navy were dressed over-all for the occasion. Under the terms of the Peace Treaty of 1947 the Italian Navy is not to exceed 67,500 tons standard—that is, with the exception of the ancient battleships of the Doria class, which were both completed in the First World War, and certain auxiliaries. Personnel of the Navy must not exceed 22,500 men, and until January 1, 1950, no warship could be acquired or constructed except in replacement of a loss. It is understood that Italy now intends to rebuild her Navy 100 per cent. within the Treaty limits, the programme to include two cruisers

PRESIDENT EINAUDI MAKES THE AWARD OF THE GOLD MEDAL TO THE ITALIAN NAVY: The President of the Italian Republic at the ceremony at Naples at which he pinned the much-prized decoration to the Italian flag.

AMERICAN ENVOYS MEET IN ROME: Left to right—Mr. Lewis Douglas, U.S. Ambassador to the United Kingdom; Mr. John McCloy, U.S. High Commissioner in Germany; Mr. George W. Perkins, Secretary of State in Charge of European Affairs; Mr. James C. Dunn, U.S. Ambassador to Italy; Mr. Averell Harriman, E.C.A. Representative for Europe; Mr. Alan G. Kirk, U.S. Ambassador to Russia; and Mr. David K. Bruce, U.S. Ambassador in France, being photographed before the start of the secret parley in Rome. The main purpose of the conference was to discuss the problem of countering Communism. One issue on the agenda was the stalemate in Berlin

GREECE CELEBRATES 129 YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE: The Armenian Bishop, General James Van Fleet (Head of the U.S. Military Mission), Mr. Sophocles Venizelos (Prime Minister and the head of the day-old Greek Government), General Lawton Collins (U.S. Army Chief of Staff), Field Marshal Papagos (C.-in-C. of the Greek Armed Forces), and Mr. Panayotis Canellopoulos (Vice-Premier) on the steps of the Metropolitan Cathedral in Athens after attending the Te Deum service held on the 129th anniversary of the Declaration of Greek Independence

THE COUNCIL OF THE ARAB LEAGUE MEETS IN CAIRO IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF TENSITY: Tewfik el Suweidi, the Prime Minister of Iraq, addressing the Arab League Council at its opening session when it came together under the shadow of vital events in the Near East. The Egyptian Premier urged that a representative of Arab Palestine have a seat at the Council table. This was a direct challenge to King Abdullah's incorporation in his Hashemite Kingdom of most of what is left of Arab Palestine. While attacks on King Abdullah were appearing in the Egyptian Press, delegates of Jordan chose to boycott the Council, and it seemed that Arab unity in the Near East was about to be further imperilled

AGREEING ON AN ATLANTIC DEFENCE PLAN: Left to right—Field Marshal Sir William Slim (Great Britain), Air Marshal Sir William Elliott (Great Britain), General Omar Bradley (United States), General Crittenberger (United States), and General Baele (Belgium) at the meeting at The Hague at which the Chiefs of Staff who constitute the Military Committee of the North Atlantic Treaty met to decide upon an integrated defence plan for submission to the Defence Ministers of the Treaty Powers. The Chiefs of Staff declared in a statement after the meeting that they had examined the special potentialities of each country subscribing to the Pact, and that they had taken account of such abilities in drawing up a general plan, which is based on ideas put forward by the permanent committee

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MILITARY AIRCRAFT IS NOW EXPERIMENTALLY EQUIPPED WITH A TRACK-TYPE LANDING-GEAR: The Consolidated Vultee XB 36 with its new retractable caterpillar wheels now under test at Fort Worth. The whole vast weight of the great machine is absorbed by the rotating cylinders within the caterpillar. The wide belt of the caterpillar track decreases ground-bearing pressure to a marked degree. The nose gear is of different formation to the wing gears, but the principle is just the same. Air Material Command of the United States Air Force first started experimenting with track-type landing-gear in the Fairchild Packet (the C 82), and experiments on this much lighter aircraft were apparently completely successful. The XB 36 was first equipped with single main landing-gear wheels, and then multi-wheel main gears were fitted. These multi-wheel gears are at present being used on models rolling off the production line, but after the latest experiments it is highly possible that "caterpillars" will be employed

WHEN A 120-TON AEROPLANE HITS THE RUNWAY: Here is a close-up of the new caterpillar landing-gear fitted to Consolidated Vultee's giant plane. The bogey wheels roll on two belts of rubber and they are built-in with the elaborate recoil devices

THE [illegible]MED AND BEMEDALLED GOVERNOR RIDES IN A JEEP: Sir Alexander Grantham, Governor of [illegible] British Crown Colony of Hong Kong, seen as he inspected one of the biggest parades of [illegible]ish military might ever held in the Far East. Approximately 5,000 officers and men of the [illegible]h Infantry Division were drawn up under Major-General G. C. Evans on the air strip at Sek Kong

BELGIUM ABOUT TO COMPLETE A LONG-CHERISHED PROJECT: *Left*—One of the new overpasses for the railway built through the heart of Brussels, and (*right*) excavation work in progress on the new line which is being built to link the north and south stations in the Belgian capital. By 1952 it is hoped that the project will be complete, and as a result the rail networks of North and South Belgium will be effectively joined. Then imports landed at the northern port of Antwerp will speed through to the south without the complicated re-routing that is now necessary. The new line has resulted in considerable rebuilding in the business quarter of Brussels

H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE" PUTS IN AT THE PORT OF VILLEFRANCHE DURING THE COMBINED EXERCISES OF THE HOME AND MEDITERRANEAN FLEETS: The 23,000-ton carrier, flying the flag of Admiral Sir Philip Vian, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, led the Redland force in the mock battle waged against a Blueland force. It was the task of the Red Fleet, returning to its base at Gibraltar after a foray in the Mediterranean, to destroy a convoy protected by Blueland. As things turned out, both sides claimed complete annihilation of the opposing force, and the matter had to be settled on terra firma when the fleets converged on Gibraltar

BRITISH WARSHIPS RENDEZVOUS AT PALMAS BAY, SARDINIA, DURING THE COMBINED EXERCISE: The dark silhouettes of the assembled warships seen against the sun Mediterranean. After the rendezvous at the southern tip of Sardinia, the Blueland and the Redland forces—numbering thirty-six warships in all—began the runn fight which lasted until they reached Gibraltar. During the course of the Home and the Mediterranean Fleets' cruises many calls were made at ports in the Middle S

A SUNDERLAND RETURNS FROM RECONNAISSANCE: A flying-boat passing above friendly Redland destroyers after shadowing the Blueland enemy in the combined exercises. The Sunderlands operated from Gibraltar, as also did submarines controlled by Vice-Admiral Brooking, the Admiral in Command at Gibraltar

THIRTY-SIX WARSHIPS in the MIDDLE SEA

Britain's Home and Mediterranean Fleets at Exercise

The Home and Mediterranean Fleets have not only had admirable opportunities during the past few weeks of exercising younger personnel, but have shown the flag to some purpose in the ports of the Eastern and Western Mediterranean. At one stage in the exercise the British and French warships steamed together to Oran, where bombardment practice was carried out off Mers el Kebir. At Rabat, Morocco, the French Governor-General, General Juin, entertained Admiral Power, C.-in-C. of the Mediterranean Fleet; Admiral Sir Philip Vian, C.-in-C. of the Home Fleet; Vice-Admiral Brooking, Admiral Commanding at Gibraltar; Vice-Admiral Earl Mountbatten, Commander of the First Cruiser Squadron, and the Duke of Edinburgh (First Lieutenant in the *Chequers*) to an official luncheon. During the spring cruise Admiral Power in *Surprise* also visited Pantellaria, and, among other places, calls were made at Villefranche (by the C.-in-C., Home Fleet), Tangier and Anzio.

FIREFLY AND SEA FURY AIRCRAFT OF THE 14TH CARRIER AIR GROUP FLYING IN FORMATION OVER PALMAS BAY, SARDINIA: Below them British warships are seen steaming in line ahead on the almost still waters of the Mediterranean. The Fireflies and Sea Furies were borne in H.M.S. *Glory*, the 13,000-ton light fleet carrier and the nameship of her class

GOLD-HUNTERS ARRIVE BY CAR IN THE LITTLE VICTORIAN TOWN OF WEDDERBURN: On the left prospectors, who had already staked a claim, are seen at work in the main street of Wedderburn, where on March 15 a 75-oz. nugget was brought to light. Five days later a 5-lb. lump of gold quartz was found, and prospectors began to pour into Wedderburn from all parts of the Australian Commonwealth, many of them by car. A few days after this picture was taken thirty claims had been pegged along the main street. All accommodation in the town was booked out, and the population increased by 100 in the first week. It is now nearly a century since the celebrated Bendigo mines were discovered. The Bendigo area is 40 miles from Wedderburn

A GOLD STRIKE IN WEDDERBURN

A 75-oz. NUGGET BRINGS PROSPECTORS FLOCKING TO AN AUSTRALIAN TOWN

MRS. NORMAN EVANS STARTS DIGGING HER CLAIM IN CHAPEL STREET, WEDDERBURN: Mrs. Evans was one of the first thirty prospectors who staked claims in the little Victorian town. She is the mother of a sixteen-month-old son, and recently won a beauty competition in Northern Victoria

IT WAS A RED-LETTER DAY FOR MR. R. BAKER, THE WEDDERBURN HOTEL PROPRIETOR, WHEN GOLD WAS STRUCK IN THE MAIN STREET OF THE TOWN: Mr. Baker is seen (right) setting up supports for a windlass as he prepared to drive his shaft, already 18 ft. deep, further into the ground. Apart from the gold Mr. Baker planned to get from the ground, he had prospects of more immediate rewards from gold-hunters seeking lodgings

HE GLEANED HIS FIRST PENNYWEIGHTS OF GOLD ON MARCH 22: Mr. A. Hayes, of Wedderburn, at work on his main-street claim watched by fellow-townsmen and prospectors. His success in producing gold in paying quantities received wide publicity in the Australian Press, and led to a further invasion by prospectors

ANTI-AMERICAN RIOTS in SAIGON

What Happened During the Goodwill Mission of the Two American Warships

Students and workmen carrying the gold-starred flag of Ho Chih Minh's Moscow-backed regime paraded in strength through the streets of Saigon, Indo-China, in protest against the arrival in the port of two American destroyers. The agitators, who marched to cries of "Down with American aid!", "Down with Bao Dai!" and "Long live Ho Chih Minh!" seemed to have complete control of the situation for a short while, and this despite the fact that Saigon is the capital of the French-sponsored State of Viet-Nam, of which ex-Emperor Bao Dai is the head. This was explained by the weak behaviour of the Vietnamese police, who only recently took over control from the French, now in an advisory capacity in Saigon. After the 4,000 demonstrators had burned down the market-place they ranged through the city tearing down French and American flags. The buses and trucks which they overturned were mostly used to form barricades, from behind which they defied the police. At the height of the rioting the American sailors were all on board their ships, their shore leave having been withdrawn after some unpleasant experiences on the previous day. It is understood that the American Navy sent the destroyers of the Seventh Fleet to Saigon on the State Department's suggestion that "a gesture of friendship and support of the new French-backed Government in Indo-China would be in order."

THE MARKET BUILDING AT SAIGON BURNT OUT BY THE ANTI-AMERICAN RIOTERS: This overhead view shows the still-smoking ruins some hours after the fire caused by 4,000 supporters of Ho Chih Minh, the Moscow-trained leader of the anti-Government rebels in Indo-China. The rebels went into action when the United States destroyers *Richard B. Anderson* and *Stickell* put into Saigon on what was supposed to be a goodwill visit

VIETNAMESE POLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE OF RIOTING IN THE CENTRE OF SAIGON: The Vietnamese police killed two students and injured a child when attempting to quell the rioting, and it was generally conceded that they had proved ineffective. It was only recently that the police took over from the French, the latter remaining on only in an advisory capacity

SAIGON MERCHANTS POKE AMID THE DEBRIS OF THE BURNT-OUT MARKET: They were looking for valuables from their stalls which were burnt out in the sudden conflagration. The Saigon market had a thatched roof

THE "RAISON D'ÊTRE" FOR THE TROUBLE IN SAIGON: The United States destroyers *Richard B. Anderson* and *Stickell* made fast in the Mekong River during their goodwill visit to Saigon. No sailors were injured, but several were pushed around by the mob, and they were fortunate to return to their ships in safety

AFTER THE TIDE OF BATTLE HAD FLOWED ON: Debris littering the market-square of Saigon following the great fire. The rioters in the city also tore down French and United States flags and ripped them to pieces

BLENHEIM PALACE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC—THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE DUKES OF MARLBOROUGH WHICH WAS GRANTED TO THE GREAT DUKE, JOHN CHURC AS A REWARD FOR HIS VICTORIES IN THE LOW COUNTRIES AND NAMED AFTER HIS MOST CELEBRATED BATTLE : Blenheim Palace opened its doors to visitors on April 1 their contributions will go towards the upkeep of the mansion. Blenheim has the additional distinction of having been the birthplace of Mr. Winston Churchill, father, Randolph Churchill, was the third son of John, seventh of Marlborough. Blenheim Palace was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, archite playwright, at the public expense in the reign of Queen Anne, £50,00 voted for its completion, and it was conferred, together with the Ho Woodstock, on John, Duke of Marlborough, as a mark of gratitude f great victories he had gained over the French and the Bavarians. The of Woodstock, associated with Fair Rosamond and the scene of Sir Scott's novel *Woodstock*, formerly stood in Blenheim Park. Edward I Parliament at Woodstock in 1275, and there his second son, Edward, wa Edward, the Black Prince, eldest son of Edward III, was also bor

THE LONG LIBRARY AT BLENHEIM : It is 183 ft. long and was originally intended as a picture gallery. It housed for one-and-a-half centuries the celebrated Sunderland library. The organ at the far end is by Sir Henry Willis, and was installed at the end of the last century by Lily, Duchess of Marlborough. A selection of Blenheim archives is to be on show in this room

THE ORNAMENTAL PONDS ABOVE THE LAKE AT BLENHEIM : The p has a fine expanse of water, and among the many adornment the grounds is a temple of Diana built by Sir William Chamb The park has an area of 2500 acres and is 12 miles in cir

ONE OF THE MAGNIFICENT BLENHEIM TAPESTRIES ADORNING A STA ROOM IN THE DUCAL PALACE : The portrait above the fireplace by Pierre Mignard, and shows Louis XIV in his robes of St It was the expansionist policy of Louis that the great Duke Marlborough fought to hold in check, and there were times w the whole Empire of the Sun King was on the verge of coll

THE SOUTH FRONT OF HATFIELD HOUSE, THE CELEBRATED HOME OF THE CECILS, WHICH HAS BEEN OPENED TO THE PUBLIC SINCE THE END OF MARCH : Looking across the spacious lawns to the historic mansion which was used during the Second World War as a hospital. It has since been almost completely restored, and Lord Salisbury has agreed to admit the public to a large part of the house, gardens and park. Robert Cecil, the builder of Hatfield, was sent stone from Caen, in Normandy, for his great mansion, but it was only sufficient to face the central portion of this south side. For the rest he relied on brick, much of which came from those portions of the old Palace which he pulled down. The brick has mellowed richly with time

OPENING BLENHEIM AND HATFIELD

TWO OF ENGLAND'S STATELY HOMES WHICH ARE NOW RECEIVING MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC

THE GALLERIED LIBRARY : This is one of the smaller state-rooms at Hatfield and lacks the ornate decoration of some of the others. Fluted columns divide off the shelves, and the staircase on the left leads to the gallery, where there are more shelves

THE LONG GALLERY : No great Elizabethan house would have been complete without a Long Gallery. Robert Cecil, the builder of Hatfield in Stuart days, made his gallery as long as he could ; it runs the length of the south front at Hatfield

THE EAST GARDEN AT HATFIELD AND THE CELEBRATED MAZE : The garden has seen many changes and, unlike the house, which was built in five years, has developed gradually through the centuries

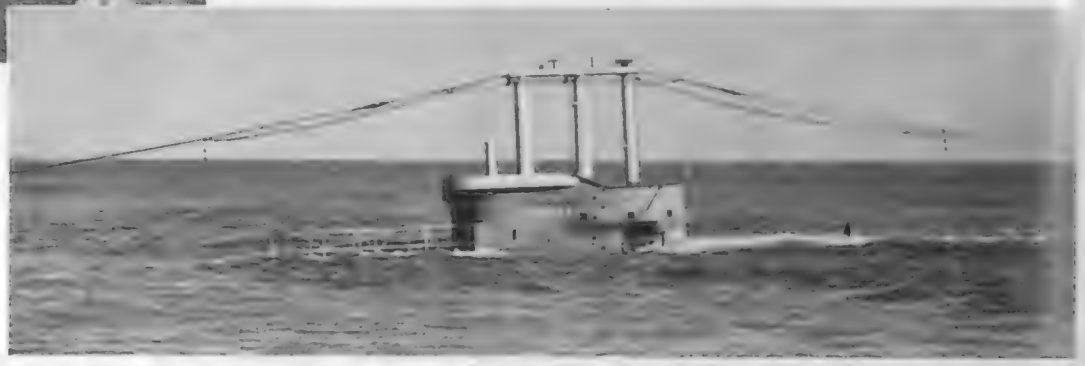
Hatfield House, and its forerunner, the Old Palace, have played no small part in the history of England, and the fact that the house is now open to view once again has evoked an immediate response from the public. The story of how Robert Cecil came to Hatfield is a curious one. He owned Theobalds, in the eastern part of Hertfordshire, which he had inherited from Lord Burleigh, Prime Minister to Queen Elizabeth. To this house he invited King James I. The King was so taken with it that he proposed an exchange, and Robert Cecil accordingly received the Royal Palace of Hatfield. Whether Cecil was pleased with his bargain is doubtful. No doubt the vast red, rambling brick building must have seemed to him dark and lacking in amenities. Moreover, he possessed to the full the Elizabethan passion for building. He therefore pulled down all but one wing of the old house, and used the brick to build the magnificent mansion that survives to this day. Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, built Hatfield House in five years. Building began in 1607 and the place was ready for occupation in 1612. The total cost was under £10,000. Apparently Cecil had no architect to make detailed plans. The tradition is that he bought drawings for a north and south façade, and with his clerk of the works, Thomas Wilson, set to work to weld them together into a single building. Although the plans harked back to the past, the house when completed had a general air of light and space, and was truly Jacobean in spirit. The pictures on this page record its present-day magnificence and fine state of preservation.

THE NEW MENACE OF THE SUBMARINE

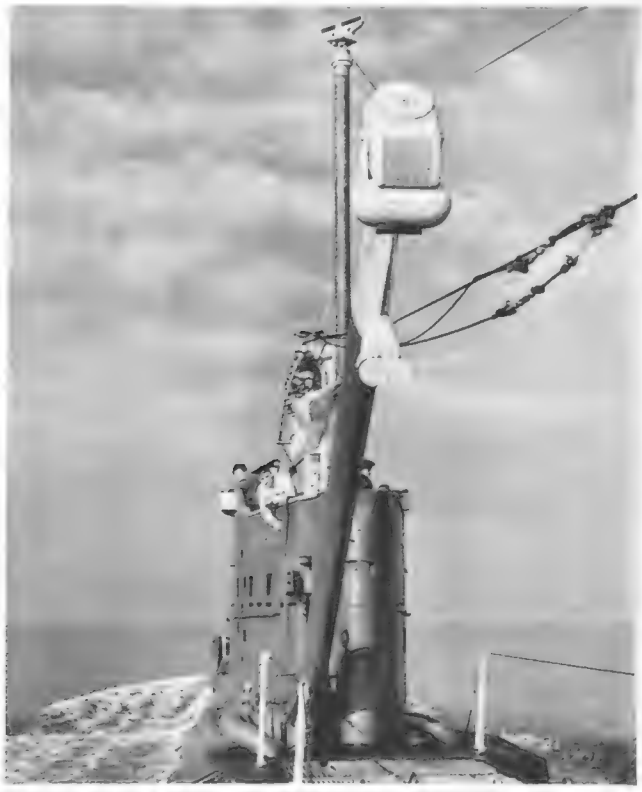
Modern Devices which Threaten the Surface Fleets

H.M.S. "TRESPASSER" AND HER UNDERWATER BREATHING DEVICE: The Snort, which enables the submarine to breathe while under water, is now standard equipment on many British and American submarines, and it is one of many devices adding to the menace of the underwater fleets of the world

THE UNITED STATES NAVY TRIES OUT A NEW CARGO-CARRYING SUBMARINE: Looking along the deck of the American submarine *Guavina*, which has been fitted as a cargo-carrier. The submarine belongs to the Balao class, which has been the subject of considerable experimentation, many of the experiments being based on lessons learnt from the Japanese at the close of the Pacific war. The submarine *Cusk*, a sister-ship of *Guavina* has been armed to fire guided missiles, while *Sealion* and *Perch* transport 160 troops each



THE SUBMARINE "AENEAS" DIVING DURING EXERCISES IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: *Aeneas* belongs to the Royal Navy's "A" class which was designed for service in the Pacific. Construction is entirely welded, and all the "A"-class submarines possess Snort breathing equipment. *Alliance* and *Ambush*, so fitted, remained submerged for record periods in 1947-48. *Aeneas* is one of seven ships in the class recorded as active. The remainder are said to be placed in reserve



THE SNORT IS RAISED FOR OPERATIONAL PURPOSES: The underwater breathing device of the *Trespasser* being hoisted to the vertical position from its horizontal position on the deck of this British submarine of the "T"-class

THE MENACE OF THE SEAS: *Left*—The search and attacking periscopes of the submarine *Aeneas*. *Right*—The Snort equipment and the search periscope of a submarine engaged in exercises in the English Channel. The Snort is a derivation of the word "Schnorkel," which the Germans gave to their breathing device in view of the peculiar sound which it made in action

After the Second World War much was heard on both sides of the Atlantic of the Schnorkel, or Snort, the new underwater breathing device adapted from the German model and enabling submarines to remain submerged for long periods at a time without surfacing to recharge batteries. That device is now standard equipment in the British and American navies, and those same navies have been hard at work evolving counter-measures to the Snort. These are seen most effectively perhaps in the Hunter-Killer teams evolved by the Americans. These teams, using blimps fitted with highly-developed listening devices, Skyraiders and destroyers, both equipped with depth-charges and bombs, would, even in their present stage of development, be well adapted for the destruction of submarines making long-distance underwater raids. But there the battle between the submarine and the surface vessel does not end. The debate on the Naval Estimates in Parliament at the end of March gave some idea of the many and varied techniques which are now coming into play. One of these, referred to by Mr. Callaghan in presenting the Estimates, is the fast battery drive. This enables the speed of submarines to be boosted for a limited period in order that they can get under the tails of convoys, fire their torpedoes and get away again without being intercepted by the Hunter-Killer teams. The new forms of propulsion, it was indicated, were going to prove a substantial menace, and the Minister issued this emphatic warning: "I would not like it to be thought," declared Mr. Callaghan, "that the Admiralty regards the current fleet of frigate and escorts as competent to deal with the development if it appears in large numbers of submarines. . . . It is the intention of the Admiralty that in due course all anti-submarine vessels shall be able to hunt the new fast-type battery-drive submarine. Britain's first new anti-submarine frigate is already under way. A contract has been placed for the machinery, and the keel of the ship will probably be laid this year. Two fleet carriers, it is understood, have also been taken in hand for conversion to anti-submarine work,

ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE AT LANCASTER HOUSE: The North Atlantic Defence Finance and Economic Committee in session in London last week when they reviewed the progress so far made in financial and economic arrangements to meet the requirements of mutual defence. The conclusions of the Committee were made available for the guidance of the North Atlantic Defence Ministers, who met at The Hague before Easter, as also were the conclusions of the Chiefs of Staff who constitute the Military Committee of the North Atlantic Treaty Powers. The recent session of the Military Committee at The Hague is illustrated on page 48 of this issue

COUNTING THE COST OF ATLANTIC DEFENCE

THE NORTH-ATLANTIC POWERS HOLD A FINANCE AND ECONOMIC COMMITTEE MEETING IN LONDON

SOME LEADING PERSONALITIES AT THE LANCASTER HOUSE MEETING: Left to right—Mr. Erik Brofoss, Norway's Minister of Commerce; Mr. Hersleb Vogt (Norway); Dr. Everts (Holland); Mr. Jacob, General Secretary to the Dutch Ministry of Finance; Mr. P. Werner (Luxembourg); Mr. A. J. Clasen, Luxembourg's Minister in London; and Mr. Pella (representing the Italian Treasury)

MR. AVERELL HARRIMAN PRESIDES: America's Ambassador-at-Large, who presided at the meeting, seen with Mr. Breithut (left), also of the United States

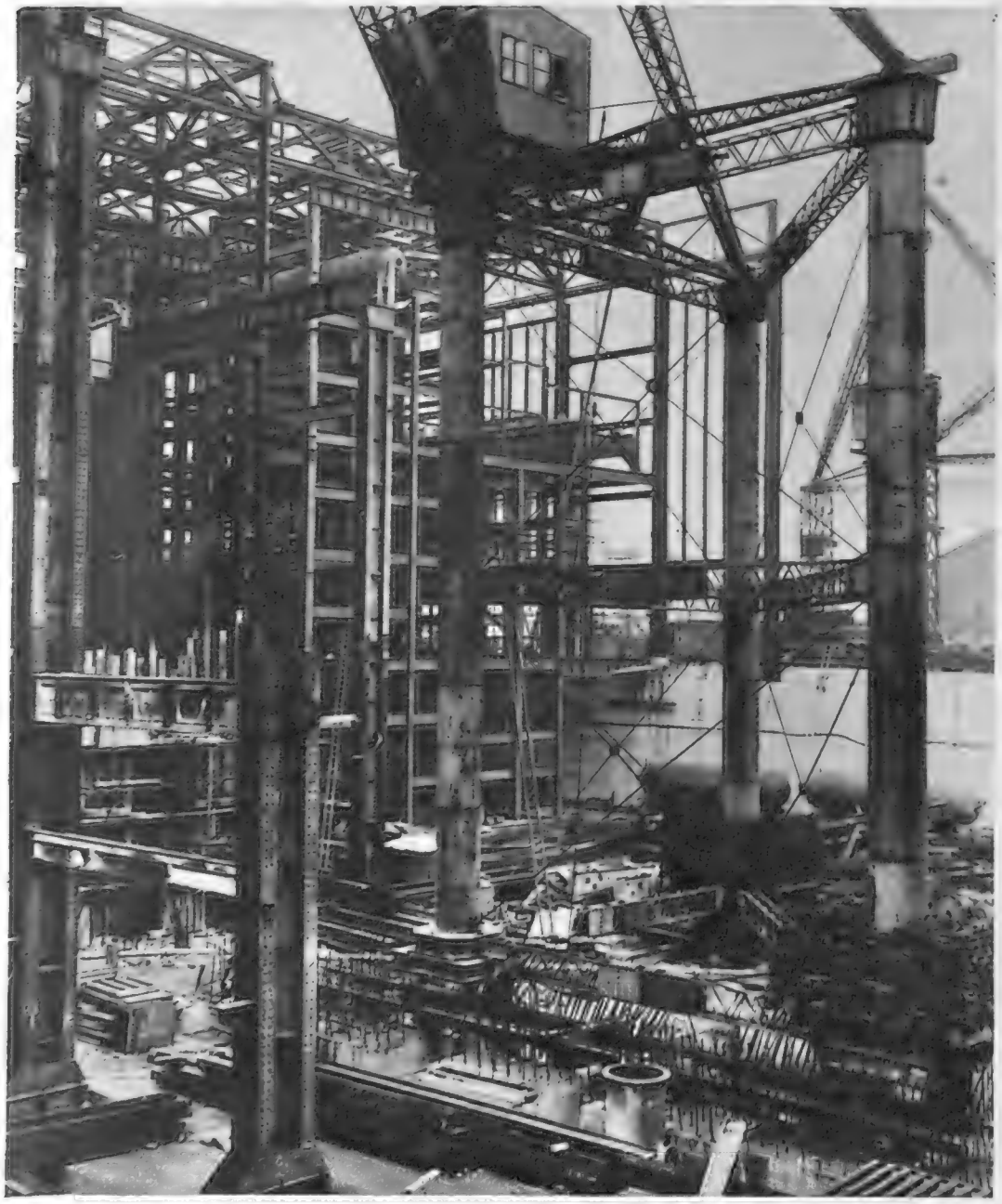
MORE NORTH ATLANTIC PERSONALITIES: From left to right are—Mr. Stefan Thorvardsson, Icelandic Minister in London; M. R. Sergent (France); M. Edgar Faure, Secretaire d'Etat aux Finances (France); Mr. J. O. Krag and Mr. Busck Nielson, of Denmark; and Mr. A. E. Ritchie and Mr. L. D. Wilgress, of Canada. Mr. Wilgress is High Commissioner for Canada in Britain. Before that he was Canadian Minister to Switzerland. Mr. Thorvardsson has represented Iceland in London since 1944

MR. HUGH GAITSKELL AND SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS CONFER WITH A COLLEAGUE: The Minister of State for Economic Affairs and the Chancellor of the Exchequer seen together at Lancaster House. Mr. Gaitskell, former Minister of Fuel, was promoted to the Treasury after the General Election

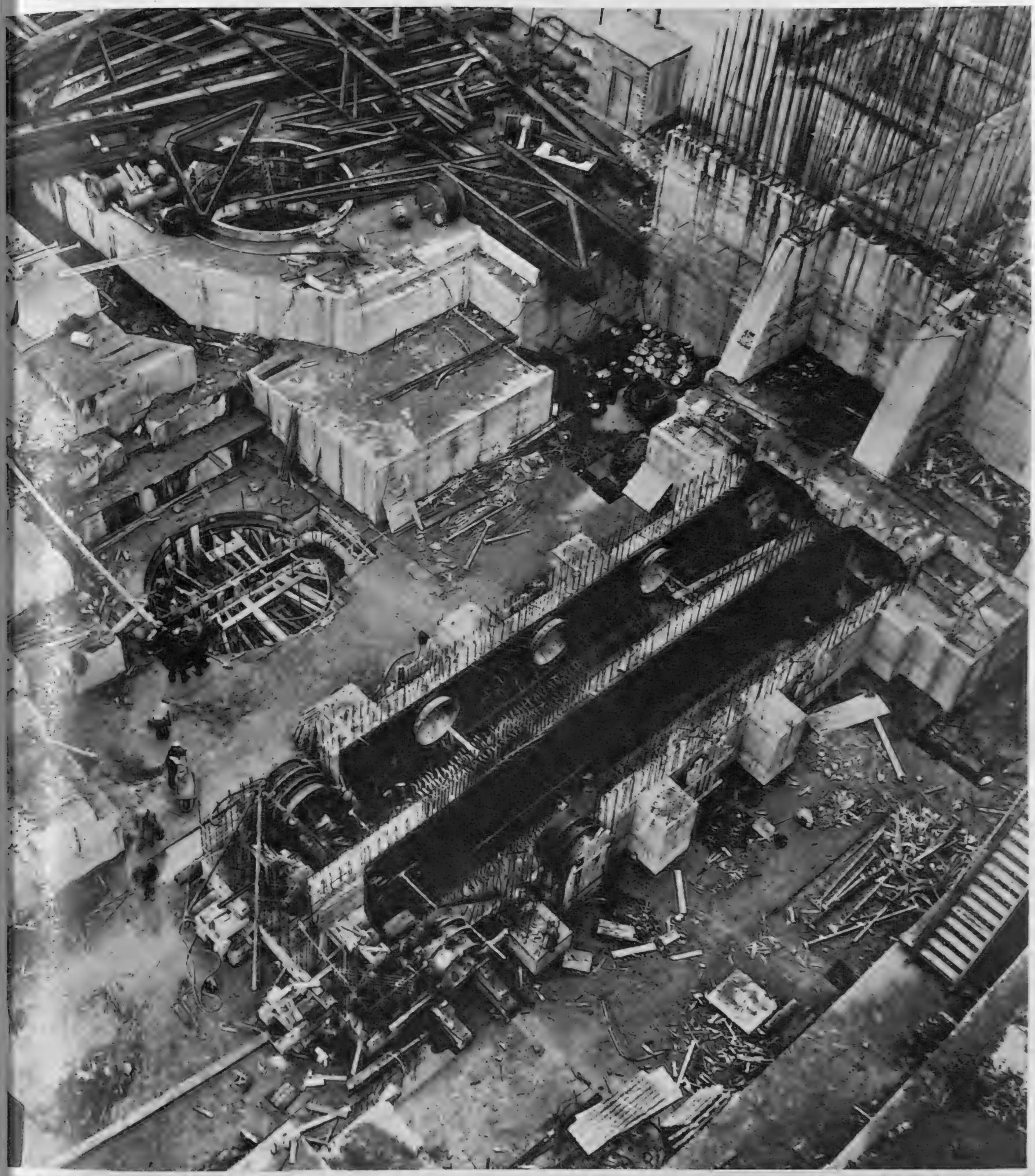
THE CRITICS OF THE BANKSIDE POWER STATION EXTENSION SCHEME CLAIMED THAT THE NEW BUILDING ON THE SOUTH BANK WOULD THREATEN THE DOMINANCE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL ON THE NORTH BANK: Here in this picture the dome of St. Paul's is viewed between the derricks used in the construction of the Bankside jetty. As pictures on these pages show, the work at Bankside is going ahead fast, and already a great mass of steelwork is rising above the river. The £11,000,000 power station, which will give the grid a supply of 240,000 kilowatts, will be partly in action by 1951 and will play a vital part in dealing with London's power shortage.

THE RISE OF BANKSIDE POWER STATION

Despite the Numerous Critics of the Scheme, the New "Cathedral of Electricity" Begins to Take Shape



THE GIRDERS OF THE BOILER-HOUSE OF THE POWER STATION BEGIN TO RISE ABOVE THE THAMES AT BANKSIDE: Already these girders are beginning to be clothed with brickwork, and in the next few months it may be possible to decide to what extent the critics were right who claimed that the new cathedral of electricity would threaten the dominance of St. Paul's. Sir Giles Scott, architect of Bankside, has declared: "Bankside will be unlike any other power station. It will emit no smoke or grit. It will have no coal dumps. Its height will be lower than the adjoining office blocks. It therefore cannot compete with or obstruct the view of St. Paul's."



CONSTRUCTION WORK UNDER WAY IN THE CIRCULATING WATER INLET CHAMBER DEEP IN THE CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NEW BANKSIDE POWER STATION : An overhead view of some of the massive concrete constructional work, which is going to the making of this £11,000,000 power station extension in South London

London has had its architectural controversies in the past, but not even the storm over Waterloo Bridge could compete with the arguments which were raised during a period of months in 1947 over the question of the Bankside Power Station extension. It was very much a three-way controversy at the time, with the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, which fostered the scheme, assailed from one angle by the Dean of St. Paul's and from another by Lord Latham and members of the London County Council. Both had rather different reasons for their attack.

The Dean of St. Paul's alleged that the new Bankside, with its massive bulk and its twin chimneys towering above the South Bank of the river, would threaten the historic dominance of St. Paul's. To spoil this immemorial aspect of London, said the Dean, would be an irreparable mistake for which future generations would rightly blame those responsible. Lord Latham, who was in 1947 leader of the London County Council, assailed the Bankside plan because he said it interfered with the L.C.C.'s schemes for the general development of the South Bank of the river. Mr. H. J. Randall, the chairman of the company responsible for Bankside, defended the scheme with vigour, and because of London's urgent need for power rejected the idea of building on an alternative site at Rotherhithe, which, he said, would take two more years to complete than the Bankside project. It was a significant fact that two such authorities as Mr. Patrick Abercrombie and Sir Giles Scott found themselves at variance on the matter of Bankside, which by May 1947 had clearly risen above Party, as witness the fact that Lord Latham and his former colleague, Mr. Silkin, then Minister of Town and Country Planning, were also opposed in their views. Sir Giles perhaps had the final say when he declared : " The building can be well worked in with the redevelopment plans for the South Bank, and, in fact, all the objectionable features of a generating station have been eradicated." It was soon after that that the House of Lords engaged in a final bout of cut-and-thrust, with Viscount Samuel making a battling speech on " Silkin's folly," and then the Minister duly set aside the opinions of the critics and ordered work to go ahead. It is too soon yet to see whether the critics will be justified, but there can be little doubt that when the moment comes some of them will be ready to pounce, even if not all their worst fears come to pass.

During recent weeks Bankside has been much in the news by reason of the publication of the twenty-third volume of the *Great Survey of London*. This deals wholly with Bankside (the parishes of St. Saviour and Christchurch, Southwark), and recalls the many historic associations of this area which in earlier days was notorious throughout London as the location of places of amusement, dissipation, and vice. There were situated the Stews, the Bear Gardens, and the Bull-Baiting Grounds (occasionally used as theatres), and, of course, the famous Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's day, the site of which has now been confirmed as having been at the junction of Southwark Bridge Road and Park Street, only about 200 yards behind the site of this most controversial of power stations.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST WATER-COOLING TOWER

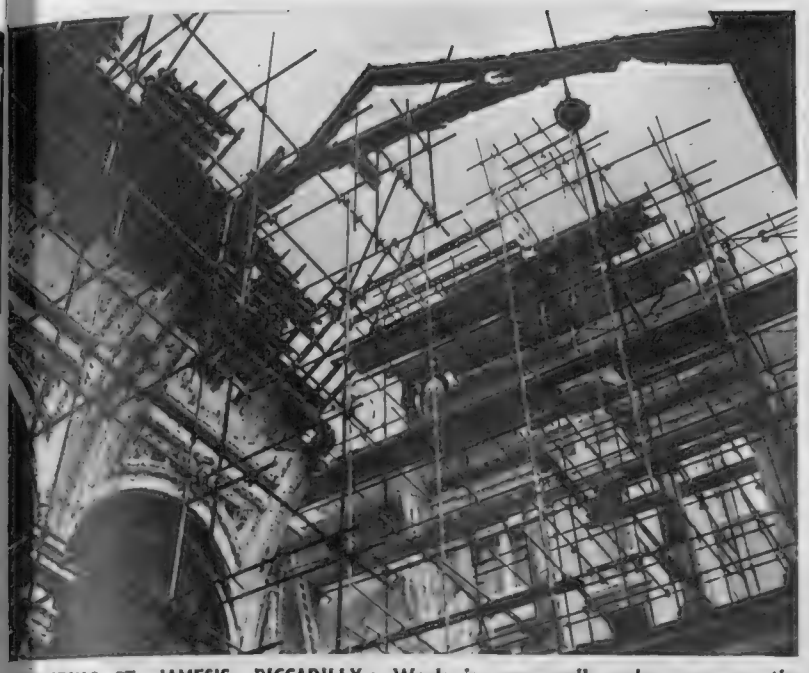
AND OTHER HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE LARGEST CONCRETE COOLING TOWER IN THE WORLD: *Left*—Finishing the concrete walls on top of the tower at Shell's new oil refinery at Ellesmere Port, Ches on the Manchester Ship Canal. *Right*—The 341-ft.-high tower from the top of which the photograph on the left was taken. 5,000,000 gallons of water will be co every hour inside the great tower at the Stanlow oil refinery. It will be 30 ft. higher than the largest existing tower at Birmingham and forms a unit of the half-completed £15,00 oil-refining plant. When completed, 4,500 tons of concrete will have been used in the tower's outer shell and 2,700 tons of pre-cast concrete in its interior. The base is 272 ft. diameter, which is reduced to 168 ft. at the neck and widens to 177 ft. at the top. Its height of 341 ft. 6 ins. will be only 24 ft. lower than the cross on the dome of St. Paul's Cathe

THE "DUNROBIN" MAKES ITS LAST JOURNEY: The fifty-five-year-old engine, formerly owned privately by the Duke of Sutherland, and its luxury coach which has carried members of several Royal families, has been sold because of the nationalisation of the railways. The *Dunrobin* was towed from Golspie, Sutherland, to Ashford, in Kent. From there it steamed into New Romney, where it has now been placed in the private museum of Captain Howie, chairman of the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Light Railway. The engine on the left is the *Winston Churchill*, a model of a Canadian-Pacific type

AN APPEAL FOR THE OLD MILL AT STAPLECROSS: The octagonal smock mill Staplecross, about 12 miles from Hastings, a landmark for a wide area of Sussex and Kent border, is in so bad a state that it is feared it may collapse. The parish council has appealed to the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings to have it repaired. The mill, which was built in 1815, stands on the brow of a steep hill overlooking the Rother Valley, and during the war it was used as a Home Guard look-out post. It withstood bombs dropped near it in the Battle of Britain, but, since the war, its state has rapidly become worse

LORD DERBY TO SELL A VILLAGE: Cottages in Church Road and (*right*) the Alms houses at Knowsley. Lord Derby has informed his tenants that he may have to sell because taxation and death duties make it impossible for him to install modern sanitation in the cottages. The sixty to seventy cottages were built for employees on the Knowsley Estate and some are rented at 3s. 6d. and 5s. a week. The local council is to introduce a main-drainage scheme for the village and Lord Derby, in his letter to his tenants, states that he felt it was wrong to impede the modernising of the houses from a personal desire to retain the village in his ownership. It is not possible for him to finance the scheme himself



REPAIRING ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY: Work is now well under way on the famous Wren church which was nearly demolished in a blitz nine years ago. A network of scaffolding now covers the shell of the building. One of the first jobs is to build a new copper roof. St. James's was built in 1680 at the expense of Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans. Its interior was considered among Wren's best work. The church has often been mentioned in books and plays. In Sir John Vanbrugh's *The Relapse*, Lord Foppington always attended St. James's, Piccadilly, because "there's much the best company"

RAISING THE TEMPERATURE WITH A PROPELLER: A new notion for the fruit farmer for fighting spring frosts. Eric Hoare (right), principal scientific officer at the Horticultural Department of the National Institute of Agricultural Engineering in Bedfordshire, checks the thermo-pile which transmits temperature readings to an electric measuring apparatus housed in a caravan. Dick Courslee, a physicist at the Institute, discovered by sending up balloons on frosty nights that when the temperature is 29 degrees 10 ft. above the ground, it is 32 degrees at 20 ft. and 39 degrees at 100 ft. By mounting a helicopter rotor on a 30-ft. pylon and linking it with a tractor engine, the air was so disturbed that the temperature was raised from 29 to 32 degrees (the safety level) up to 50 yards from the pylon. At 15 yards, the temperature was 39 degrees. Running cost was 2s. an hour. Cost of oil burners over a similar area would have been 45s. an hour

TESTING A FUSELAGE AT SOUTHAMPTON: Twenty Airspeed Ambassadors have been ordered by British European Airways for service next year, and tests are being carried out to test fuselage strength. The above specimen was used to check the centre-section area and the complete fuselage aft of the control cabin bulkhead. The tests proved that the fuselage strength exceeded maximum requirements by a satisfactory margin. A pressure of 9·8 lb. to the square inch was reached before failure. The Ambassador is a twin-engined high-wing monoplane, which will carry up to 49 passengers

THE ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY CELEBRATES ITS CENTENARY: Mr. Herbert Morrison opened "The Science of the Weather" Exhibition at the Science Museum, which is being held in honour of the centenary. He is seen with Mr. George Tomlinson examining a model of a shelterbelt. Other exhibits portray modern ideas in meteorology and their influence on everyday life. The start of the celebrations was marked by the release of a weather balloon in Hyde Park

A NEW RIVER BUS IS LAUNCHED AT SHEPPERTON: The summer river-bus season is approaching, and the latest addition to the fleet has been launched from the slipway at the Walton Yacht Works at Shepperton. The bus, which is named the *Festival*, is 85 ft. in overall length and of 52 tons displacement. It will carry 241 passengers at a speed of 11 knots

OFF TO NEW YORK FOR THE BRITISH AUTOMOBILE SHOW: A double-decker touring coach is hoisted aboard the *American Miller* at London Docks. The coach, which seats eighteen downstairs and thirteen upstairs, is being exhibited by Mr. Ernest Whittit, managing director of his family firm of coachbuilders. It is a development of the observation coach with which he won the Prix d'Honneur at Nice in 1949 for the best coach in Europe, and incorporates air-conditioning, radio and a public-address system

The ENCHANTED VILLAGE

A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE BEHIND NICE WHERE ARTISTS HAVE FOUND INSPIRATION AND A RETREAT

St. Paul, near Vence, in the Alpes Maritimes, is a t village with some 800 inhabitants. It is perched a hill 600 ft. high, and is surrounded by a fourtee century rampart. In days gone by, St. Paul was qu a lively place, involved as it was in the wars of t Romans, the Saracens, and the French war-lords, a at one time it had the distinction of being a Royal c

But to-day the village has lost all semblance of wa nor has it any ambition towards high place in the hie archy of towns and cities. St. Paul is happily aslee

It looks like a place in a Hans Andersen fairy-ta The streets are narrow, hilly, and paved with irreg cobblestones. The sun comes round the corner in sha of brilliant light; people walk slowly, leisurely; ha and hurry are unknown and unnecessary. You c stroll around the village and not meet anyone, exc an occasional cat stretching lazily in the sun.

French artists discovered St. Paul only about generation ago; but they kept it a discreet secret, a consequently very few people outside a select clique ha ever heard of it. As a special favour, foreign visitors a sometimes taken there—Mr. Churchill enjoyed th privilege (and stayed for a day to paint a beautiful c fountain); Clark Gable was another in recent years.

Theophilus Parsons, an affluent American painte one-time Mayor of Hampstead, Long Island, went t St. Paul in search of beauty and tranquillity; he ha seen most of the world, weighed it and found it wantin When he set eyes on St. Paul he ended his search, bought a house, set up his easel and has remained there, deeply contented and for ever willing to help with counsel an cash when such assistance was needed in the village.

Paul Roux, the restaurateur of the Colombe d'Or, i another character of St. Paul. His beautiful and ancie inn has for half a lifetime been the meeting-place o artists; the dining-room is hung with original painting Paul saw so much of it that he decided to have a try him self. His success surprised even himself; he now paint flowers with the same light and loving touch with which he may formerly have fashioned delicious French pastries

ST. PAUL, THE LITTLE VILLAGE PERCHED IN THE HILLS BEHIND THE FRENCH RIVIERA: The village viewed from below its fourteenth-century rampart. In days gone by, the Romans, the Saracens and the warring French lords fought for possession of St. Paul; now it is the haunt of artists who, for nearly a generation, have kept its beauties a discreet secret. The nearest large town is Vence, and away to the north are the massive peaks of the Alpes Maritimes

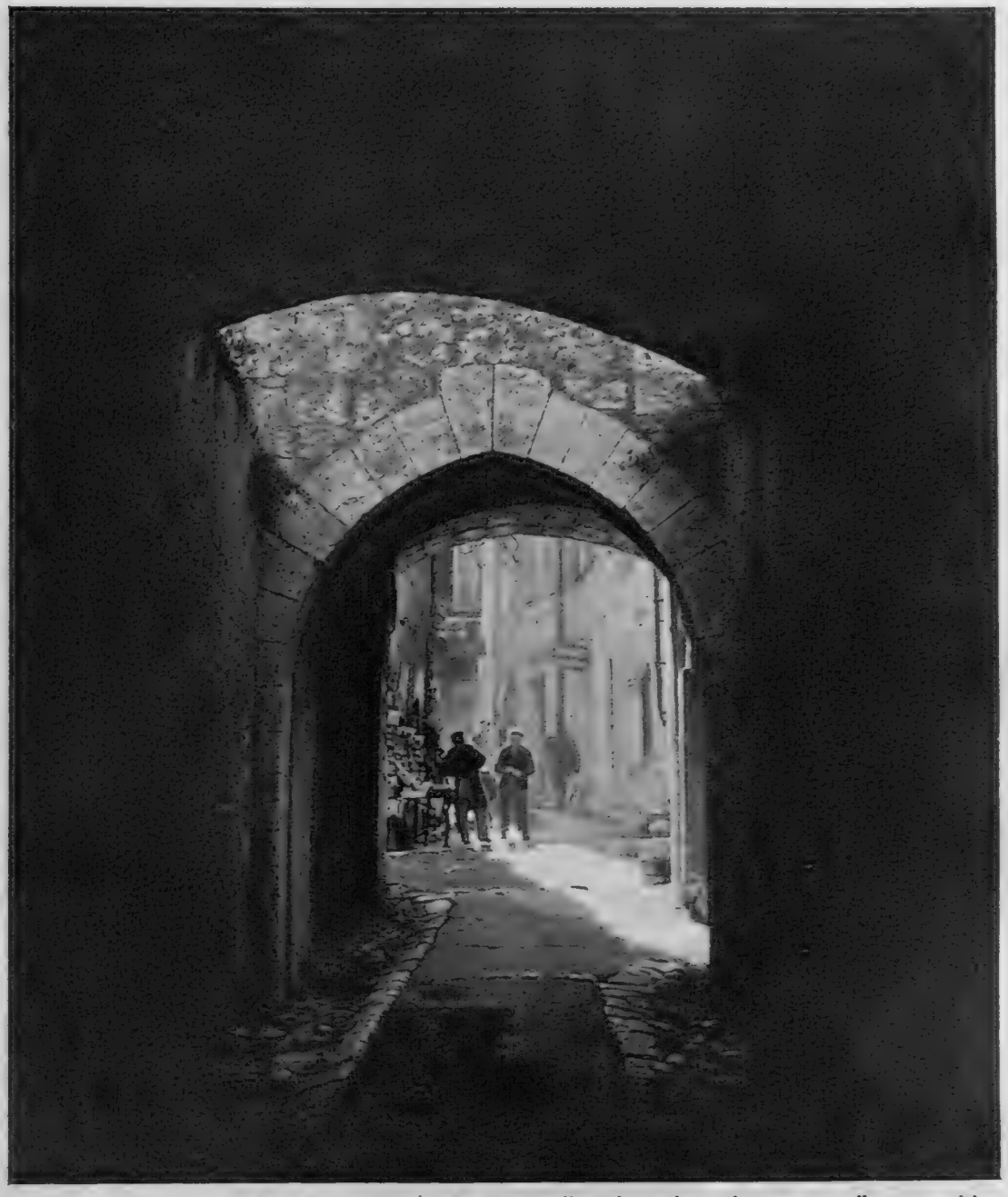
ON THE SUNLIT TERRACE OF THE COLOMBE D'OR, THE PICTURESQUE INN AT ST. PAUL: The painter Jean Dupuy and the pianist Guy Chambure with a friend on holiday at the little mountain village. The inn has become a meeting-place of artists from many parts of the world, and the patron, Paul Roux, is himself an artist of some accomplishment

M. LE PATRON DISPLAYS HIS LATEST CREATION: M. Paul Roux, proprietor of the Colombe d'Or at St. Paul, showing a picture he has just finished to his chef, Jacques, who specialises in more ephemeral works of art

MARC CHAGAL PAYS A VISIT TO ST. PAUL: The celebrated French-American painter on the terrace of the inn. In the background are the cultivated terraces which are such a feature of the landscape round the village

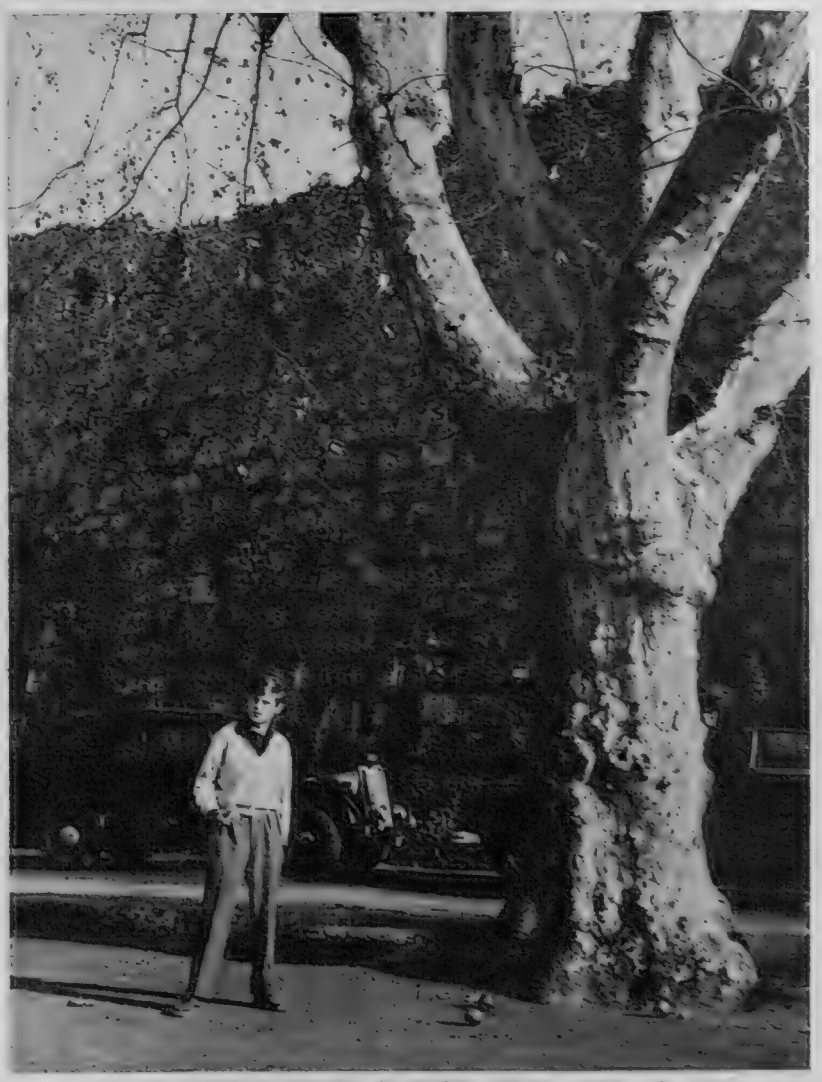
HE CARRIES ON THE TRADE OF HIS FOREFATHERS: Pierre Jacobi is seen working the "cardeuse," an ancient and ingenious machine which tears the fleece of sheep into fragments of suitable size for filling cushions, mattresses and easy chairs

A DRAWING BY MATISSE ADORNS THE DINING-ROOM OF THE COLOMBE D'OR: There are some thirty or forty original pictures by famous modern artists at the inn, a reminder of the many distinguished painters who have stayed there in the past



SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW IN OLD ST. PAUL: The sun strikes down into the narrow alleyways with a piercing brilliance. In the village there are many reminders of the Saracens, who once came to this part of Provence as conquerors and left behind their distinctive mark on its architecture

UP THE ANCIENT COBBLED STREET A LITTLE BOY GOES HOME: This is another street scene in St. Paul, which at every turn reflects the picturesque and the unexpected



WITHIN THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY RAMPARTS OF ST. PAUL: Jean Dupuy, a painter on holiday at the village, seen during a game of Provençal bowls in the streets. The people of Provence play with metal balls, and a great deal depends on knowledge of the ground and its eccentricities

STAGE and SCREEN

James Bridie's New Play ; a Press Reception for a Film Star ; a Restoration Party ; Melodrama at the Bedford

ALASTAIR SIM AND RONALD ADAM IN JAMES BRIDIE'S NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK THEATRE : Sim plays the name-part in *Mr. Gillie*, a village schoolmaster, whose failure in the worldly sense is compensated by his endeavours to produce success in his pupils

MISS GARDNER HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE : The film star, who has been given the title of Venus, is seen talking to journalists in her suite at Claridge's. Ava Gardner has come to Europe for six months with her sister Beatrice. She is to make a Technicolor film, directed by Albert Lewin, called *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*, in which she will co-star with James Mason. In April, they go to Spain on location, returning to Shepperton Studios in early summer

Alastair Sim, Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, and one-time Fulton Lecturer in Elocution at New College, Edinburgh, plays the part of a village schoolmaster in James Bridie's latest play, *Mr. Gillie*, at the Garrick Theatre. This is the second Bridie play in which Alastair Sim has starred in the last two years. In November 1948 he took the part of Dr. Knox in the revival of *The Anatomist*, which was first staged in 1930. Mr. Gillie is a Scots village schoolmaster who has had success neither in his profession nor in his essays in writing. He finds an outlet in the encouragement of any talents he can find in his pupils, but even this is a failure, since his star protégé turns out to be a London spiv.

THE SPIV RETURNS : Mr. Gillie's protégé, who goes to London and makes a success in the wrong way, is played by George Cole (left). On the right is Ronald Adam as Mr. Gibb

A NEWCOMER FROM GLASGOW : Twenty-five-year-old Janet Brown is acting her first straight part in the West End. Previously she has been in pantomime and on television

ALEC CLUNES GIVES A RESTORATION "AMBIGU" AT THE ARTS THEATRE CLUB : The bearded Director of the Arts proposes a toast to Clement Freud, deviser of the party, who is standing in the centre. On Freud's left is Adèle Dixon, sitting next to Russel Waters. Twenty-four-year-old Clement Freud, grandson of Sigmund Freud and catering manager of the Arts Theatre Club ; and a physicist, Ian Forman, cooked the dinner, which included Stewed Carp and Honeysuckle ; Roasted Haunch of Venison with Hot Redcurrant Jelly ; Sweet Peepers Pye ; Smoking Rabbits with Braised Cowcumbers ; Popes Possett ; and Whipt Syllabub. Alec Clunes gave the party for the cast of the Restoration play *The Provok'd Wife*, which is being played at the Arts Theatre

MELODRAMA AT THE BEDFORD, CAMDEN TOWN : A scene from *East Lynne*, the first of the new series of plays at the famous old theatre. Several dramatic versions of Mrs. Henry Wood's *East Lynne* have been staged since the story was first published in January 1861 in the *New Monthly Magazine*. The authoress received neither payment nor royalties for these versions owing to a defect in the copyright law. Miss Pat Nye and Mr. John Penrose, who now run the old Bedford Theatre, often painted by Sickert, have decided on a policy of "strong meat" for their audiences after a season in which they tried out a number of new plays. *East Lynne* is a worthy production to start the new series of Victorian melodrama

IT ALL HAPPENED IN HAMPSHIRE

THE LISS ANGLICAN PASSION PLAY: THE TICHBORNE DOLE: BLESSING THE FARNBOROUGH SILKWORMS

"THE DARK HOURS"—A VILLAGE PRIEST PRESENTS A PASSION PLAY DURING LENT: *On left*—Villagers of Liss, Hampshire, in a scene from the play which shows Jews crying out after hearing the death sentence imposed on Our Lord. *On right*—The Rector of Liss, the Rev. Harry Norman Wrigley, producer of the play, holds a service prior to a performance in the village hall. The play finished its run yesterday, Good Friday. The costumes, scenery and lighting effects were all created by the actors themselves, but the Roman soldiers' uniforms were borrowed from the producers of the *Cæsar and Cleopatra* film. The part of Our Lord was played by Mr. William Collins, whose voice only was heard, and that of Mary Magdalene by the Rector's wife. The play proved to be very popular and was well attended by people who travelled from many parts of the country

DISTRIBUTING THE TICHBORNE DOLE: Miss Anne Tichborne, daughter of Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, supervised the annual distribution at Alresford, Hants, the home of the Tichborne family. According to family legend, the dole has been given since 1150, when from her death-bed Lady Mabel Tichborne pleaded with her husband, Roger, to give annually the produce of a small portion of his estate to the poor. He agreed to give the value of the acres she could encompass while holding a flaming torch. Rising from her bed, Lady Mabel crawled around 23 acres, and then, just before she died, charged her husband and his heirs to give the dole every year. If they failed, she prophesied seven sons would be born to the house, followed by a generation of seven daughters, and then the ancient name of Tichborne would die and the manor house would fall. The dole of bread was distributed for 644 years, until it was stopped by order of the magistrates. Sir Henry Tichborne, who was then living, had seven sons, the house fell down, and seven daughters were born to the heir. Sir Henry's third son, Edward, later reinstituted the dole

FATHER RITCHE BLESSES THE TICHBORNE DOLE: The flour is stacked in the porch at Tichborne House before the annual distribution. Miss Anne Doughty-Tichborne, who carried out the distribution, can be seen standing just behind the priest. She is twelve years old

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR THE BENEDICTINE FATHERS—SILKWORM BREEDING AT FARNBOROUGH, HANTS: *On left*—Prior Dom Bede Griffiths, O.B.S., blesses the silkworms (eggs and cocoons) at a service held at St. Michael's Abbey, near Farnborough, to mark the occasion of the monks' new venture in the silk industry. The service was attended by Lady Hart Dyke, who runs the silkworm farm at Lullingstone Castle, Kent, and by members of her staff. *On right*—A procession of the Benedictine Fathers, led by a thurifer and followed by the visitors from Lullingstone, winding its way to the adjoining orchards, where mulberry trees, grown to provide food for the silkworms, were blessed

FLYING TO KIRIWINA

An Air Trip Among the South Sea Islands

THE island of Kiriwina, in the Trobriands group, north of the eastern tip of New Guinea, is often called "The Island of Beautiful Women." And the trip there from Port Moresby, and return, by Qantas Empire Airways Catalina flying-boat—familiarly "The Cat"—is a two-day excursion to regions where romantic novels of the unspoilt South Seas might well be laid.

This round trip is one of the three made every fortnight by the Cat, the other two being to Lakes Kutubu and Murray, west of Port Moresby, and to New Britain and Bougainville Island, to the north-east. In the three trips, the Cat covers a total of 3,940 miles.

We leave Port Moresby—administrative capital of the Territory of Papua and Trust Territory of New Guinea—about 9 a.m. on Wednesday in the "Island Chieftain." The morning is hazy, as it so often is along these coasts; shoreline and mountains just a darker smoke blue than sea and sky. Sea, land, air and cloud are all in the one general colour scheme, except where reefs and shallow patches in the calm ocean make mottled brown patches fringed by green iridescence.

We have a full complement of passengers, including a European woman with a baby. Sitting incongruously opposite her is a grass-skirted native woman suckling a child. Among the men are planters, Administration officials, a missionary and several natives.

Just out from Moresby we fly over native fishing-vessels—*lakatois*—with matting sails set as they head out to sea for the day's work. Along the coast are patches of native gardens and coconut plantations. Between Moresby and Samarai are also good natural harbours. In this area is Milne Bay, said to be one of the busiest ports in the world during the last war. There were once 400 ships in this harbour at the one time. Now there is so little doing there that it was recently taken off the Cat schedule as a port of call.

About an hour out from Moresby we set down at Abau, small and lovely port for the shipment of copra and rubber from nearby plantations. It has a short pier with a few buildings and coconut trees on a steep bank. A double canoe decked with flooring and bearing an empty chair comes out to the Cat, and our woman passenger with her baby departs for her plantation home, travelling now in primitive state like some island queen.

We take off for Samarai. The coast breaks into a whole series of bays and inlets—hills and mountains right to the water's edge.

Samarai is a settlement completely covering a small island—circumference about a mile—near the eastern tip of New Guinea. Before the war it was a renowned beauty spot. During the war this was the base for the U.S. Black Cat Squadron (Catalinas), and as such got a certain amount of attention from the Japanese. But the scars are healing quickly.

Samarai is an important copra port; as evidence, the small coastal ships loading at the wharf. About 5,500 tons of copra a year are transhipped through the port. Here is the hub of the wheel for a district of about 60,000 people, embracing those in the d'Entrecasteaux Islands, Woodlark Island, Misima Island, Sud-est Island, Rossel Island and the Trobriands. Apart from Moresby and Rabaul (both in the nature of bases), this and Kikori, on the western run, are the only two places in the fortnight's regular itinerary where fuel is taken on.

We now head for Ess'ala, on Ferguson Island, crossing the eastern tip of New Guinea and passing Normanby Island. Ess'ala, with an extinct volcano half-a-mile away, is a place of green slopes, tropical houses and native huts.

From Ess'ala we head almost due north to Kitava and Kiriwina. Kitava is no stopping place, but we drop stores for the island's one European inhabitant—"Cameron, the King of Kitava," one of the many colourful characters.

Kiriwina is only a few minutes' run from Kitava. We fly over the flat green island—highest point, 800 ft.—veined by native roads between lines of coconut trees, and come down on an open stretch of calm water near a pier.

The island is some 26 miles long, averages about 7 miles wide, and contains some 8,000 native people with a distinctive and fascinating culture. To see the villages one needs more than the overnight stop which the Cat provides.

The younger women of Kiriwina are among the most attractive to be seen in the native peoples of the South Seas, and a good deal of their charm comes from the island's relative isolation.

The natives of Kiriwina are great wood-carvers, and fine examples of their work—free of outside influence—are offered for sale at very reasonable prices. Sticks of twist tobacco are more acceptable currency than money.

From Kiriwina the Cat returns to Samarai and Port Moresby calling en route at De Boyne Lagoon.

SAMARAI, THE ISLAND COPRA PORT NEAR THE EASTERN TIP OF NEW GUINEA AND THE CENTRE OF TRADE FOR 60,000 NATIVE PEOPLES LIVING ON THIS AND NEIGHBOURING ISLANDS: The Qantas Empire Airways flying-boat puts in at Samarai on the second leg of its regular flight to Kiriwina, in the Trobriands group. During the war Samarai was the base for the American Black Cat Squadron, and received a certain amount of attention from the Japanese

THE CATALINA FLYING-BOAT PAYS A CALL AT THE D'ENTRECASTEAUX ISLANDS, JUST EAST OF THE NEW GUINEA MAINLAND: A beautifully made native canoe picking up the passengers at the Port of Ess'ala, on Ferguson Island. Ess'ala, like Samarai, is a notable beauty spot in the archipelago

A CARGO CANOE TAKES PASSENGERS ASHORE AT THE PORT OF ABAU: The canoe is constructed of two hollowed and shaped logs with decking between. This native craft can carry large loads in safety

A KAVATARIAN BELLE: A handsome young woman of the islands holding a giant yam she has harvested. It is a kuvi yam, of which there are fifty to sixty varieties

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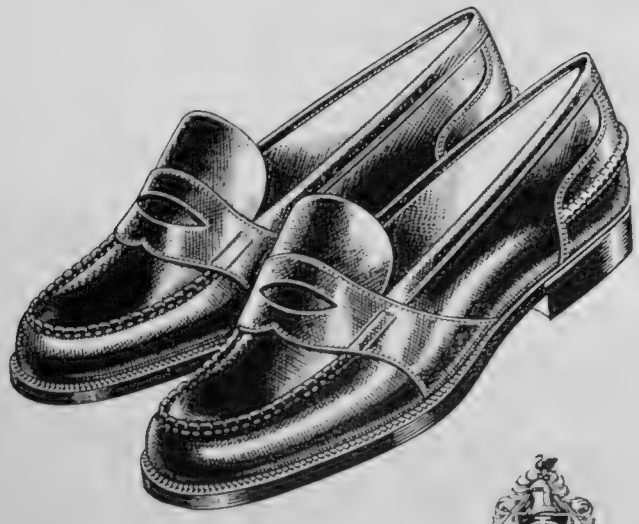

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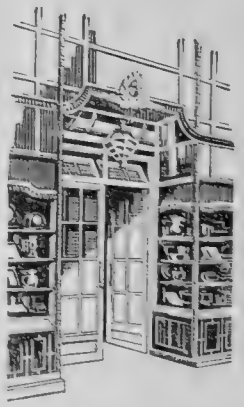

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

RANGING THE WORLD IN FICTION

Many Countries Provide Themes for Some of the Latest Novels

NOVELISTS have ranged far and wide over the earth's territory for this week's selection of books, of which I will begin with Miss Pearl Buck's KINFOLK (Methuen. 10s. 6d.). This is an immensely readable, but perhaps rather over-simplified story about a Chinese family who, in the first chapter, are found living in New York. The father is a distinguished scholar and lecturer, the mother a loving, ignorant, homesick woman who distrusts everything American from the skyscrapers to the tradesmen. Their children have all been brought up in New York, but, while the younger boy and girl ask nothing better than to continue in the American way of life, the elder brother and sister have serious plans for returning to China, one as a doctor, the other as a schoolteacher. In the end, all four of them arrive at their ancestral village by way of Peking, and work out their several destinies, urged on by their mother, who pays them a literally flying visit and, once on her native ground, proves herself quite indomitable, and even scolds a gang of bandits into submission. It is a real pleasure to read Miss Buck on Chinese life and Chinese character, for both knowledge and affection are there in her words. There is, however, something too facile about the plot, which irks one, and a too neat tidying up of loose ends, more consonant with art than nature.

HIGH VALLEY (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) takes the reader even farther afield, to a remote Tibetan valley, where a wandering Chinese boy comes to live, and is accepted by the local people, whose spartan life he shares at first in harmony and contentment. When trouble comes he fights it with his own boyish integrity and courage, and wins, though not in a conventional happy ending. Miss Charmian Clift and Mr. George Johnston have written an unusual and talented novel with a strange and beautiful setting, and it is no exaggeration to say that in their descriptions of that bleak country and violent weather, their writing sometimes reaches lyric intensity.

Italy to-day is the scene of Mr. Oscar De Liso's novel, GOD'S THUMB DOWN (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), a nightmarish story of a village where everyone is bitterly poor, many of them starving, and where the deep division between the Communists and those who are not Communists is perpetually present. The village is built on the flank of a mountain, and with the erosion of the soil it is slipping week by week nearer the edge of a precipice. That physical situation is equalled by the moral one, for in the community everything is degenerating through fear and hunger and poverty. The universal dream is of escape, but there is not even enough money for a fare. This is a horrifying story of brutality and violence, and in contrast, moments of almost sentimental tenderness. It has been written with an obvious and serious intention, and the sharpness of its impact is a part of that plan, but it makes unhappy reading.

ÆOLIA (Campion. 10s. 6d.) is a poetic but rather confused novel about that part of Anatolia which was once Greek, and which lies on the seaboard of Asia Minor. Mr. Ilias Venezis is one of the leading novelists of contemporary Greece, and his book is partly autobiographical, partly a tale of fantastic adventure. The combination is odd, sometimes rewarding, and sometimes only a muddle, but it does succeed in giving one a vivid picture of the country that the Greeks have loved and that, only some forty years ago, possessed a kind of archaic charm.

Miss Elisabeth Kyle writes of France and Scotland; Burgundy and Glasgow to be exact, and has had a really original idea in the construction of her new novel, DOUCE (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.). Reincarnation, we are told, means "to embody anew," and Miss Kyle has chosen to reincarnate Mary Queen of Scots, the Dauphin, Darnley and Bothwell, as well as one or two of the Queen's Marys in a Victorian setting. Their characters, their actions, and as far as one can surmise, their motives remain the same, although the Queen is now a lovely red-headed girl managing her family's wine business in Glasgow, and John Knox is a ferocious old parson. Even a very bright idea is not always enough to make a good novel, but Miss Kyle has brought it off brilliantly.

With Mr. Simon Kent's novel we come back to London, and a particularly raffish section of it, just off that place once called the Ratcliff Highway. FLEUR-DE-LYS COURT (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) was once the yard of a great coaching inn, and nowadays it is a backwater of over-tenanted houses and shops, but it is a backwater with dangerous currents and a great deal of life. There is Barney, the old Irishman with a horror of work and great confidence in the three strapping sons on whom he relies for his board and lodging. There is the girl with the coloured husband, the Jewish couple who keep the general shop and who spend their profits in secret charity. There are the welfare workers who want to open a club in the room the Irishman had planned as a pool parlour, and there are all the families, happy or quarrelling, who make up the far from dull existence of a London microcosm.

AND RIDE FORTH SINGING (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.) is a little novel with a frail kind of charm in spite of its title, which is of an irritating type I thought had died away a few years ago. Mrs. Katharine Dunlap writes of the French countryside that she knows very well, and has achieved a pleasant story of post-war readjustment and young love. It is unexceptionable, but no more.

For a complete contrast there is Miss Christianna Brand's CAT AND MOUSE (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.), a really first-rate thriller in spite of some horrific moments that are perhaps unnecessarily stressed. On the staff of a woman's magazine, two friends run the departments dealing severally with beauty hints and advice to the love-lorn. The latter editor, under her pseudonym of Miss Friendly-Wise, has been getting letters signed Amista, and telling of the successive stages of a tentative romance. The address is in Miss F.-W.'s native Wales, and while on holiday she decides to look up the author of the letters. What she finds is a nightmare situation, a very smooth, mad murderer and a comic detective. Miss Brand has written a really good story, and I like the humour with which she has interleaved it.

CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) is an adventure story rather than a thriller, and a good one, in the Buchanesque manner. Mr. Ewan Butler has written a tale which hinges on the possession of a steel box in which lies the plan for a new secret weapon. Russians, Indians, French, English—all would give much to seize the box, but it belongs to a pretty Latvian girl and is guarded by a couple of young men, ex-R.A.F. and ex-Commando, who have taken up her cause. Most of the action takes place in France, which Mr. Butler knows well, apparently, since the atmosphere and idiom are excellently done.

DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT IN THE TATE GALLERY: Diners seated beneath Rodin's celebrated work, "The Kiss," at the inauguration of the Contemporary Art Society's exhibition of 300 selected works

Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart has written the story of the Royal Marines during the Second World War and has chosen for it the apt title THE MARINES WERE THERE (Putnam. 12s. 6d.). Although he claims that the book is not a history, it will, I think, give the reader a fuller idea of what the Marines are, and what they are able to tackle than any more formal recital. Sir Robert tells a number of stories of amazing heroism, and also some amusing ones.

MOANALUA (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) is Maori for "sea and mountain," which Commander Thomas Woodrooffe feels is a good description of the islands of New Zealand. His book is one of reminiscences of his experiences there between the wars, when he served on the Auckland Station and had, among his other duties, the care and training of the boys who showed Royal Navy material. Commander Woodrooffe has the sailor's approach to narrative—terse, exact, humoured and immensely tolerant within the limits of White Ensign discipline.

Dr. Wilbert McLeod Chapman's book FISH IN TROUBLED WATERS (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) opens with the unconventional statement that "In 1043 the Great White Father decided that his warriors in the Pacific needed fresh fish to supplement their normal protein diet of spam, Vienna sausages, New Zealand lamb and K rations." As a result of this—presumably from President Roosevelt, Dr. Chapman, a scientist specialising in fish research, spent four months wandering about the Pacific starting fisheries on a semi-commercial scale to the end that this wish should be fulfilled. The present book is a light-hearted account of his adventures, which were, in fact, often perilous whether on coral reefs or in poker games.

KINGS' PLAYGROUND

The Story of the Gardens of Hampton Court

Nineteen years before Wolsey took over the Manor of Hampton, the Wars of the Roses had ended on Bosworth Field and the Tudor Age had begun—an age marked by a little more serenity than its frowning predecessor; one in which the King's friends busied themselves with consolidating their new positions, and built for themselves fine houses with pleasure gardens that had had no place near the precincts of the average mediæval castle. In fact, all was set for the age of secular gardening which would take the place of monastic gardening, doomed at the hands of Wolsey's master. From this starting-point Mollie Sands begins her fascinating account of THE GARDENS OF HAMPTON COURT (Evans Brothers. 21s.), the story of the people who helped to make those gardens and of those who have enjoyed them during the last four centuries. Few traces of the gardens as they were in Wolsey's day now remain, and they have been much enlarged, but what the great Minister, who at one time held the threads of European affairs in his hands, achieved at Hampton Court may well have been his real gift to posterity. Wolsey saw his gardens at Hampton Court for the last time in July 1529, when he was banished to Esher and Henry VIII duly entered into possession—not the loud-voiced, fat and bloodthirsty Bluebeard, we are reminded by Miss Sands, but the handsome, cultured and energetic Renaissance Prince, still in his thirties, who was prepared to spend lavishly. He chose a piece of ground of about seven acres for his tiltyard, built courts for open and close "tennys play," and prepared archery butts for his beloved Anne Boleyn. The pleasure gardens were enlarged, and Henry took great delight in creating the Mound, a small, artificially-made hill, laid on a foundation of 256,000 bricks, at the summit of which was the Great Round Arbour which was reached by paths winding round the Mound like "the turnings of cockle-shells." And so the record goes on with something new in nearly every reign, some modern fancy to please the ruler of the day and his ladies. Cromwell delighted in Hampton Court, for there, close to London, he could live like a country squire. Charles II was more lavish, coming back from exile with a taste for French fashions in garden design. George I came to Hampton Court soon after his accession, and liked both the palace and the gardens. His mistresses, Madame Kilmansegg (Countess of Darlington) and Madame Schulenburg (Duchess of Kendal), nicknamed "The Elephant and Castle," were often there, and it is said that the Frog Walk is a corruption of "Frau Walk," and has reference to the promenades of those ladies. Hampton Court ceased to be the residence of the Sovereign in the reign of George III and the direct connection of the gardens with Royal history was severed, but Miss Sands continues her story through Victorian times to the present age, when the former playground of sovereigns is the playground of the people.

Ena Dargan, an Irish writer with a flair for observation, is the author of THE ROAD TO CUZCO (Andrew Melrose. 20s.), the record of a journey from Buenos Aires through North Argentina and the high, lovely, little-known land of Bolivia to Cuzco, in Upper Peru. The road she follows winds not only across the Andes, but over four centuries of history. The author sets out to show in particular the mark of the Incas and the Conquistadors on Latin America, the one pagan and dictatorial, the other Christian, individualistic and in part idealistic.

Professor August Piccard, the Swiss scientist, became interested in aeronautics in 1912, and in 1931, with a view to investigating cosmic rays, he made his first ascent by balloon into the stratosphere, reaching the then unprecedented height of 9.7 miles, and in 1932 achieving an altitude of nearly 10½ miles. BETWEEN EARTH AND SKY (Falcon Press. 15s.) is the story of his ascents. The Professor's style is by no means engaging, but the scientifically-minded reader who hangs on to the thread of the story will be well rewarded.

WILDFOWLING (Seeley Service. 25s.) is Volume XXIX in the admirable Lonsdale Library. It is a symposium by a number of wildfowlers of the widest experience in this sport, which demands such a wealth of technical skill and knowledge, not to mention hardihood, on the part of its followers.

What with the Lemmy Caution novels, the Slim Callaghan novels, the "Dark" Series, and other novels, the Peter Cheyney bibliography is of prodigious length. Not so the length of his latest novel, LADY, BEHAVE! (Collins. 8s. 6d.), but the usual hard-hitting wisecracks are there in abundance, the same diverting cynicism, and Peter Cheyney fans will not be disappointed.

The County books, already a formidable series, roll from the press with such regularity that it is difficult to do each one of them justice before the next is there for review. The two latest additions to the series are Laurence Meynell's BEDFORDSHIRE and Canon E. H. Stenning's ISLE OF MAN (Robert Hale, Ltd. 15s. each). Canon Stenning has perhaps the better opportunities for presenting a well-sustained narrative, for the island of which he treats has all the individuality that goes with Home Rule, a Parliament older than the Parliament of Westminster—a very grandmother of Parliaments—and a church that is more ancient than York or Canterbury. Laurence Meynell, in his volume, is at his best in dealing with Bedfordshire ways and customs.

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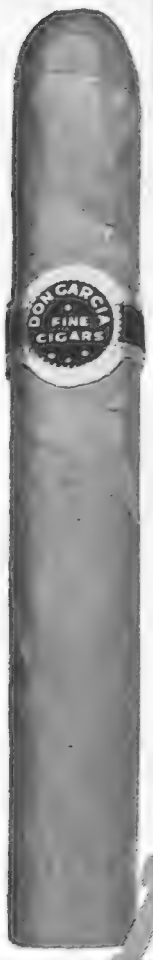

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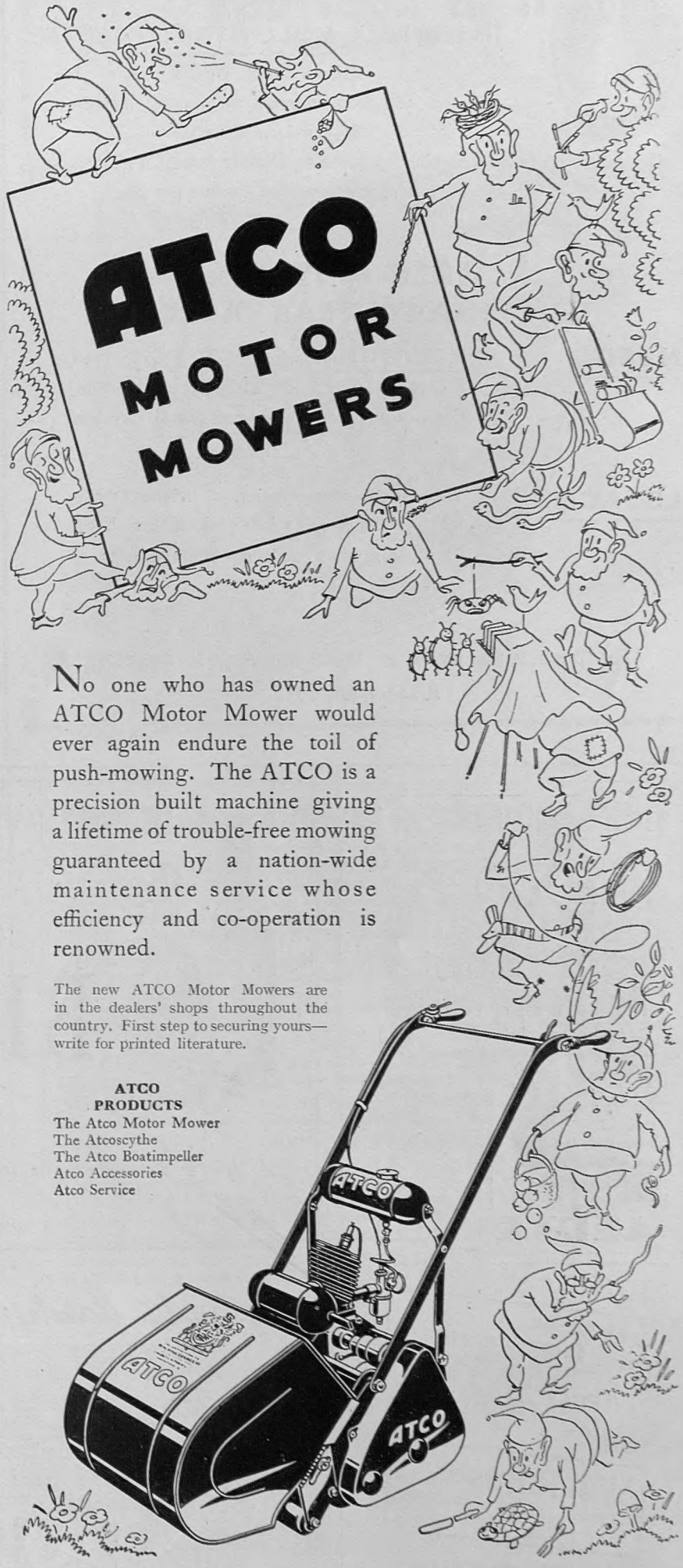

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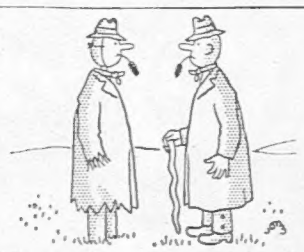

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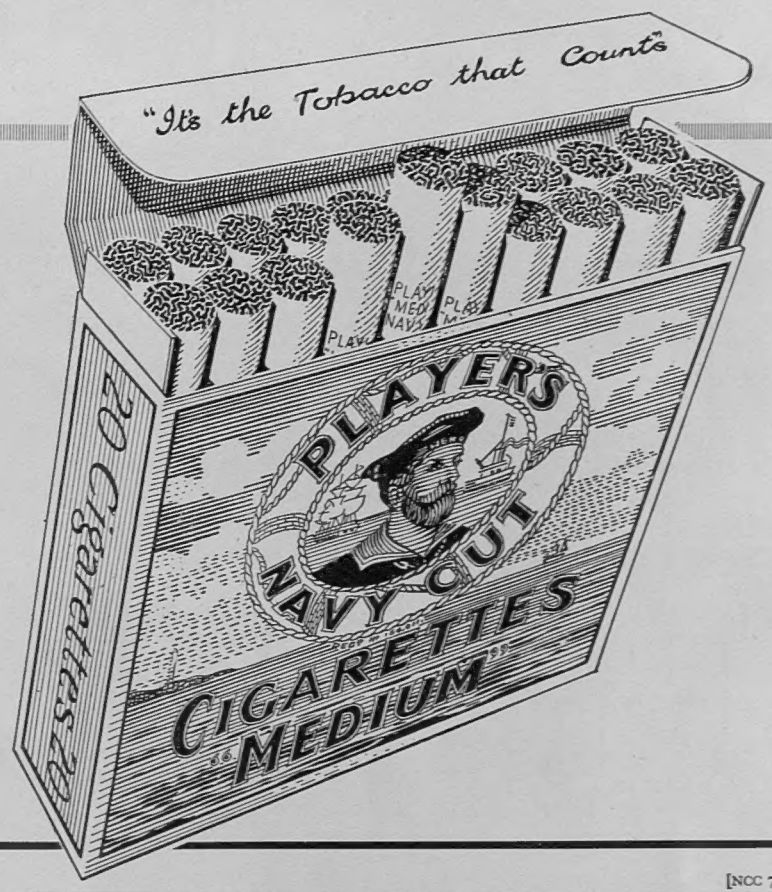

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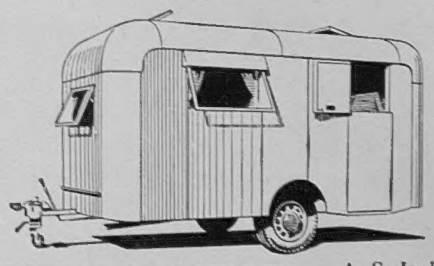

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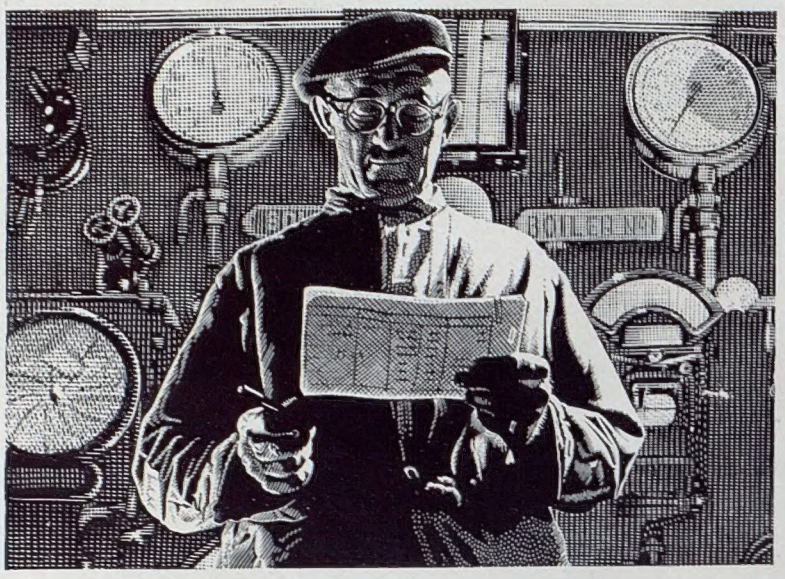

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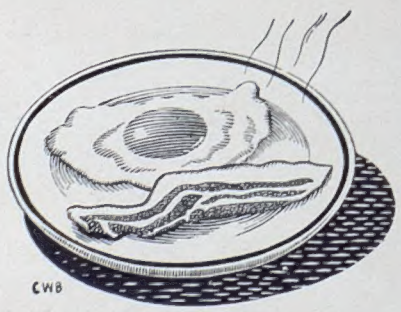

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3

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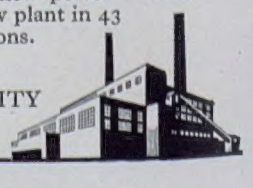

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